

DISCORR

M A G A Z I N E

that ghosts of my life mag from CiTR 101.9 FM
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that ghosts of my life mag from CiTR 101.9 fm

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cover illustration by Emilie Paco

editor's note

think most of us can agree that love is bullshit. Who loves whom and when they stop and how it changes or why it lasts, it's illogical and uncontrollable. You can't describe it, quantify it, or promise it. You can figure that unfair — many songs have — but it's also the gift of it. To get close enough to touch whatever is wildest and least knowable in our lives. No carrot on a stick, the reward is actually a loading screen. The reward is a fried Spongebob JPEG, employed for affective texture. Mumblecore directions to Wendy's that actually take you to Bons, which actually takes you home. We can all agree that love is bullshit in the end because love's not the only prize. It's hope, pulling off a long-shot win against experience. You need to prove yourself wrong.

The wild hope of something happening is the underlying thesis of summer — but here we are in fall. Fall isn't about feral hope; it's about getting up in the morning. A belief in change is stupid statistically, but it's the sort of necessary error we depend on to reenter the world. So often, there is no space for nonsense; the boulder can't get up the hill with nonsense, thus choosing it can feel both indulgent and useless. I think that there is something wildly wonderful about someone just fucking doing something anyway. And maybe that is a low bar (though I do not think it is), but it explains why I'm drawn to slacker rock. Or, at least gets as close to I'll ever get to understanding it.

In William Basinski's *The Disintegration Loops*, melody is at the mercy of patina, looping itself into erasure. This is the dirge of hope losing against experience, beautiful and difficult to describe, and there are plenty of pieces that work similarly. The Caretaker's *an empty bliss beyond this world*, Cindy Lee's *Diamond Jubilee*, the variety of "You're In The Bathroom at a club in 2005" videos on YouTube. It's hard to quantify this music's special pull — foggy transmissions from somewhere else, the sonic past arriving sideways, now kind of unsure of itself, a de-historized field. What I'm trying to describe about this particular sound, what is moving about it, is that it feels like it believes in something long after belief has stopped making sense. *Diamond Jubilee* is constantly changing. It's also constantly returning. With *The Disintegration Loops*, the effect is even more subtle and confusing. This is the darkhorse victory against experience — that it's not always going to point in a clear direction, but you can still be surprised. Something interesting might still happen. In this issue of *Discorder*, nostalgia and immediacy make this collection sort of oblique. We've brought you stories from the summer — writers Rusty Skirda and Helen Shahr bring you dispatches from Music Waste 2025, Julian Forst goes to Green Auto Fest. In *Picnic For a N(n)ervous System*: Von Coffin & Warren Neidich Julie Shoemaker returns us to the present by examining how modern life and digital culture have transformed eating into a mediated act. Airhead, resurrected once more, is haunted by an unresolved future. It's the past/present from crooked perspectives, a little haunted, like momentum often is.

too many reveries,
~T

DISCORDER

m a g a z i n e



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MUMBLECORE DIRECTIONS TO NOWHERE

or some contributor bios of October-November 2025

GABRIEL BELL

From Southern California, Gabriel (he/him) is a long-time music fan with a record of listening to a new album every day for the last two years and a taste for everything, but a penchant for hip-hop, 50's-60's jazz, and world/historical music, among tons of other genres. Some of his favorite albums are Kendrick Lamar's *Mr.Morale and the Big Steppers*, Saba's *CARE FOR ME* and Jordi Savall's *Llibre Vermell de Montserrat*.

KAIRN ZHOU

passionate about: webtools, Adventure Time, the growing season when accompanied by helping hands. @_kairning

MARK LYNCH

Vancouver resident and writer/DJ from Dublin with a passion for deep, dusty, and downtempo music. Founder of Deeper Grooves, a creative project, blog, and radio show exploring themes of creativity, music, and positive mental health. Founding member of the long-standing, London-based electronic music collective and party series, Allow the Groove

SOPHIA FUNK

llustrator and artist with a passion for cross-words, comics, and chrysanthemums. Can be found online not posting at @sophiafunky

JESS LEE

Jess Lee is an undergraduate student at the University of British Columbia, majoring in English Literature and Creative Writing. A passionate poet, Lee channels his love for language and storytelling into his creative work, crafting poetry that delves into themes of identity, emotion, and cultural expression. Lee is also the host of "Jess' Lit," a literature/music radio show for CiTR. On the show, he explores the nature between written and musical art forms, highlights emerging and established creative works, and engages with comforting conversations about the transformative power of storytelling and sound.

R. HESTER

still waiting for the tornado.

RUSTY SKIRDA

(they/them) is a writer, observer, and dedicated purveyor of truck stop flamboyance.

HELEN SHAKH

artist/ graphic designer/ stylist/ photographer/ curator/ writer/ barista/ Pinterest user/ makeup artist/ organizer/ aka just your Aquarius friend.

JULIAN FORST

Julian is a writer currently studying at UBC. He specializes in arts and culture, and is working towards a degree in the field while writing film scripts and short stories in his free time.

MICHAEL YAP

I co-lead the Archives Collective with my cousin. This is not a case of nepotism, I promise. I'm currently re-listening to a lot of Sheena Ringo, Allman Brothers and King Gnu. Tune into CiTRChives!

ALICIA L'ARCHEVÊQUE

Alicia L'Archevêque is a sucker for writing short fiction/screenplays (until she hunts and gathers enough patience for longer forms). She dabbles in varsity swimming and dives headfirst into dancing to live music & writing Substack newsletters. She is so very happy to be here :)

ERICH DACHWITZ

Just a guy enthusiastic about local music.

LEXI FONTAINE

Lexi Fontaine is an indigenous two-spirit music fan born and raised in Vancouver B.C. She works at Red Gate Arts Society and spends her time searching for exciting new music releases and attending local indie shows.

FRANCIS ROGERS ALVAREZ DE LA CADENA

francis (they/she) is a neurospicy queer latinx emerging filmmaker who loves writing, overthinking, and hates folding their laundry. free palestine.

IZ KOLSTAD

[PERSONALITY UNDER CONSTRUCTION; PLEASE STAND BY]

ELIAS IRVING

Elias Irving is a new contributor to the CiTR & Discorder universe. He grew up in the city of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania playing or attending grimy DIY gigs in basements every weekend. In the process, he heard a lot of bands, many very good, others very interesting, and he formed opinions about them and their work. Sometimes you may see some of his opinions or thoughts in Discorder Magazine.

KAIRN ZHOU

Kairn Zhou is passionate about: webtools, Adventure Time, the growing season when accompanied by helping hands. @_kairning

OISÍN GUNNING

I like to talk to myself and scream into my pillow. Sometimes I write here instead.

MARK LYNCH

Vancouver resident and writer/DJ from Dublin with a passion for deep, dusty, and downtempo music. Founder of Deeper Grooves, a creative project, blog, and radio show exploring themes of creativity, music, and positive mental health. Founding member of the long-standing, London-based electronic music collective and party series, Allow the Groove.

ANGUS NORDLUND

Poems, opinions, and short stories that can never seem to get finished. Angus is a passionate writer from the small city of Renton looking for any creative opportunity to scratch a constant creative itch. Curious as to what that means? Check out @beefy_writer on Instagram.

MIKA KAO

Mika Kao is a photo snapping silly gal and music freak

HANNAH PARADIS

My name is Hannah. I'm a multimedia artist and designer. I have done creative projects within Turtle Island, Europe and Oceania. The last place I truly felt home was Vancouver, and will return when I can afford the rent. Follow my creative work @sunlight_onmy_belly





I went to my first live punk show by accident, a few years back at the Fox Cabaret. I'd just clued in to the fact that small shows were a thing people went to (I didn't have the balls or the curfew to be a subterranean/bridge-covered/DIY show-goer in high school.) The music was objectively great, but my indie-surf palate had no idea how to insert itself into the culture that had risen from it. To a sludgy, hardcore sound, I danced like it was the familiar jingle of my surf rock comfort zone. I swayed my shoulders to neck-snapping rhythms and hopped around daintily to throat-tearing screams.



Since then, I've had a certain reverence for the rawness that reverberates off a good punk scene — but I haven't quite shed awkward, mismatched attempts to participate in it. I can be a bit of a nervous freak in the face of an energetic mosh pit, and have often felt like a proper poser on the rare occasion I do jump in.

I'm sheepishly laying bare my unfamiliarity with punk rock as a taste reference point. While I'd never felt authentically moved by the sound, *Sled Island* 2025, ESPECIALLY this year's guest curators, Otoboke Beaver, came to me as a genuine gateway drug. The undertone of joy and gratitude that permeates the festival as a whole, especially in a small city like Calgary, was terribly intriguing.

Certainly a root cause of this enthusiasm, Otoboke Beaver's brightly coloured hardcore enticed this reluctant punk enjoyer, and Sled's most loyal veterans, in the same breath. Annnnd because I was so cool and open about my previously raised brow, your heart is open to my praises...Yeah?

My friend Zoie was visiting Calgary for the first time to experience *Sled Island* (listen to her *Hail! Discordia!* episode on it via citr. ca!) I was rather proud she got to see my hometown dressed to the nines, vibe-wise. I feigned nonchalance in my agreement that Calgary was a cool, lively city — as to not spoil its stellar first impression with my equal disbelief in its ability to generate so much energy.

Boasting a relatively tiny downtown area, Calgary has the advantage of venue proximity for a festival such as this one. *Sled Island* takes place in venues of all shapes and sizes around the city — think old churches, bars, bookstores, coffee shops, libraries, and larger stages, like the Palace Theatre. This venue sprawl doesn't come off as disjointed; instead, it makes downtown feel like one big festival ground. The streets are frequented almost exclusively by

Sled-goers in the evening — biking between the temporary racks installed at venues and trading suggestions on the dozens of shows happening around them.

I like Calgary as much as the next guy, but events like *Sled* are rare and infrequent here compared to larger cities. This rarity emerges in a crowd-wide sense of gratitude — a tangible (and frequently vocalized) sentiment that this volunteer-powered festival is a treasured occurrence that we ought to be proud of. The band BB Bomb explained it to me best at their merch table: "The crowds here are so... joy."

I was looking forward to *Sled*, but the unveiling of Otoboke Beaver as headliner only amplified my excitement. If you're unfamiliar with them, don't be. The Japanese punk band hails all the way from Kyoto, serving up a discography full of incredible fast-paced, bite-sized tracks (usually between the 1-2 minute mark.) Characterized by their sudden rhythm changes and catchy layered chants, the four-piece solidifies their branding with brightly colour-coded outfits and matching instruments. Inspired by the Riot Grrrl movement and Manzai — a rapid-fire style



of traditional Japanese comedy — they sound both delightfully badass and refreshingly joyful.

Their performance at *The Palace Theatre* was no different. Snuggled up near the tail-end of the festival, Otoboke took the stage after Calgary-based Brain Bent and Taiwanese punk band, BB Bomb. Their bursting-at-the-seams music was even better in person, where the hiccupy-breath-length pauses before a crashing chorus pressed in a little extra. Their personalities added a layer of self-assured fun to the set — the lead vocalist, Accorinrin, has this playfully stern demeanour, often staring unflinchingly into the pit. It was a silly contrast with Yoyoyoshie's bubbly dance breaks and uppity commentary.

I hesitated to get into what looked like a dangerously shoulder-to-shoulder pit for a few songs (old habits die hard), but thankfully folded. Along with The Mummies' set at the Palomino the night prior, it was the first time I'd moshed and understood why it's all the rage. Sweaty punk rock and a heaving pit was punctuated by Otoboke tossing "I love you! I love you!" into the crowd in between songs. During one of Yoyoyoshie's bouts of gratitude, someone turned to me in the pit and said, "This is the most considerate punk rock I've ever seen."

We met some loyal *Sled*-goers during Otoboke's openers, tucked next to them on the outside of the pit. The pair — Rob and Mariella — told us that they've been steadily attending *Sled Island* since 2012, where they saw Nardwar's band, The Evaporators. Having overheard our hesitant interest in crowdsurfing, they were eager to share with us expertise amassed over years of Calgarian punk-rock. After they'd shouted a crash course through our foam earplugs, my friends and I all succeeded in joining the

handful of people being tossed overhead in the pit, which rocked a lot.

In between songs, Yoyoyoshie confessed to the crowd, "Today, and this week, all our favourite artists are [arriving]... IN CALGARY!!!" She then stepped away from the mic, pumped both fists in front of her face and leaned her head back for a long, silent roar before breathlessly adding "Cool cool cool cool cool." This was a reference to Otoboke being the festival's guest curators, another unique draw of *Sled Island*. Every year, the headliner helps piece together the

lineup through their own recommendations. Besides keeping new artists coming to the festival, there's also a sweet preexisting relationship between a lot of the bands. It's not uncommon to see other artists amongst the crowd, out to see their peers and friends perform. After their set, Black Ends' Nicolle Swims reflected on being selected by Otoboke Beaver, telling us; "It's so cool that a band that good likes our band."

Otoboke's curation brought a wide range of artists to Calgary, including Texan-Japanese band Peelander-Z and The Mummies. Even BB Bomb made their first-ever appearance outside of Asia at *Sled Island*. The Mummies, formed in 1988 and offering only very rare performances, had a line which ran from the smokehouse basement they were playing all the way to the church a block away. Seattle's Black Ends, also a great pick, had me giggling when the lead singer went, "Let me introduce ya'll to the band! This is our bassist, this is our drummer, and I'm Gwen Stefani."

I've been listening to Adrienne Lenker's live recorded album recently, and there are sooo many crowd-wide giggles in between songs.



I particularly dig this, because Adrienne isn't trying to be funny in those moments — her crowd is giggling with *glee*. It's excitement dressed as humour. The mosh pit at Otoboke was similarly adorable. It was all dropped jaws, shouts of delight and high-fives between strangers. It distinctly felt like people were moshing because it was a treat to be there. It was excitement dressed as shoves and hip checks.

I've sung my Otoboke Beavers praises into curious and willing ears ever since the band was unveiled as *Sled*'s guest curator. I watched live performances and their NPR Tiny Desk concert on screens big and small. My loved ones were frequently forced to get a load of it too — my eyes flitting from the phone screen to their faces, chewing on my smile to gracefully leave room for them to form an uninfluenced opinion. I had to spread the gospel of the orchestral rise and fall in the chorus of "Chu Chu Song", the twangy bass and chaotic stall-then-shred in "Don't Light My Fire", and the catchy riffs throughout "S'il vous plaît."

From where I'm standing, what made them such a stellar headline for *Sled* was the range of people who think they rock. To the punk connoisseur, they're a massively skillful win for the genre. To the purely situational punk rocker, or complete outsider, they were an overwhelmingly fun watch and an eye-opening exception to usual tastes. ©



SPLICED FOOTAGE FROM :

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY HANNAH PARADIS



05/06/2025

location: GREEN AUTO

Luella

Mal Criado

Slowicide

words: HELEN SHAKH

“Here you are loved and you are accepted,” proclaims the lead singer and guitarist of Luella as they’re finishing up their lovely and barely audible set at the opening night of *Music Waste*. How do you explain with words that all this angry music is about love and care?

Music Waste, the local, independent, non-profit festival usually presents up to 80 local bands. This volunteer-based music

and culture event has been making noise and good parties since 1994. This year, the show started on June 5th at Green Auto with local acts such as Luella, Mal Criado and Slowicide.

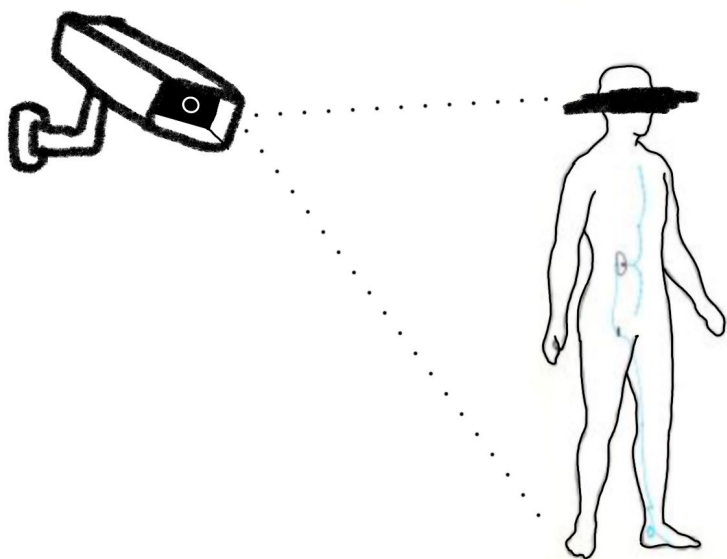
Unsurprisingly on punk time — one hour, five cigarettes and a box of French fries later — the show finally started and the stage lit up with the heaviness of rage in the air. A new-ish local power violence band, Mal Criado, opened up a short set. Chaotic and fast, they already have a good amount of followers and a powerful single. “I am the vessel for your vengeance,” the lead singer screams as she walks into the moving crowd. Vancouver audiences never seem to move and dance a lot, but the vibes change at Green Auto. Whether it’s the red curtains, the fancy chandelier, a good set list or, the uplifting spirit of a summer hardcore evening — the bands, the music and the people were as one.

“You always have a home in spaces like these. We wouldn’t be here without you,” says the singer of Luella at the end of their set, “this is family.” The message definitely reached the audience, as right after this warm and sweet moment started an even more emotional mosh pit.

Music Waste positions itself as a creative space that wants to bring together and build community within the local DIY scene — and at that moment, they have fulfilled their mission once again.

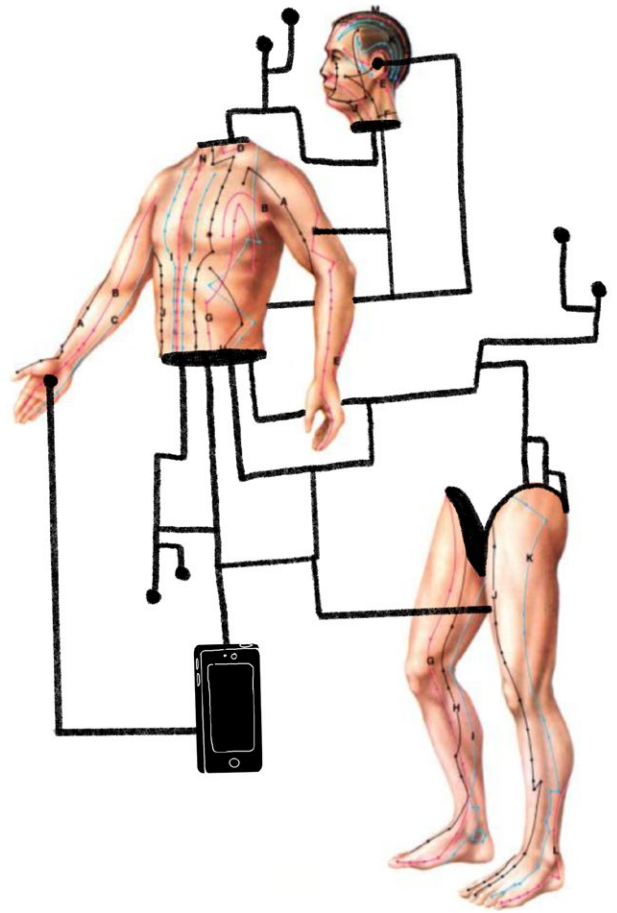
The final band, Slowicide, spiced up the evening with ‘90s fuzzy vibes, bringing us some lovely angry girl music. Dressed in black, white, and red, the band mixes into a wonderful smoothie of punk and pop influences.

As the drummer of Luella was playing their last set, one of his drums was knocked down, as sometimes happens when you’re waving your arms and legs around playing loud, angry music. In a touching moment of support the drummer from Mal Criado enters to pick it up and hold it until the end of the set. It’s beautiful to see how people can support each other through action, rather than words. Maybe that’s why you can’t tell what your favourite band is singing about until you read the lyrics — love and care is in the moment, in that room, in the sweat and blood. Words don’t carry meaning when you speak with a hollow heart. Noise brings people together. ☺



MUSIC WASTE 2025

07/06/2025
location: 648 KINGSWAY
Jack Campbell
The Magic Triangle
The Goat String Orchestra
Mom Cuts My Hair
words: RUSTY SKIRDA



I climb the rickety steps to Take Your Time Back, disintegrating notebook nestled firmly between my arm and torso, and I can't help but wonder what I'm about to bear witness to. I carry an array of colourful gel pens in the roomiest pockets of my cargo jorts, not only for the anxiety-fuelled possibility that I'll run out of ink in the process of maniacal notetaking, but in preparation to produce visual interpretations of the synesthetic experiences I'm surely about to encounter. Look, ma! I'm a hardcore/bonafide music journalist! I'm a serious aficionado; the best in the biz.

While the space at the top of the stairs is cramped and narrow (hardly able to accommodate even a modest, albeit rowdy, D&D party, let alone throngs of eager PBR enjoyers), I putter forward, and am ever-so-gratefully met with an intimate, open-concept venue — boasting warm tones and whimsical projector lights which cast swaths of stars and spirals against the backdrop of muralled walls and soft canvas couches. Dangling silver stars twirl and hang from a curtain rod behind the drum set, which sits in front of sheer blush curtains. A cozy blanket of cover from the bustling Kingsway intersection. This is a building that's been lived-in, loved-on, and doted-upon in spite of its many challenges throughout the years.

Eager to avoid missing the first act, I make a break for the single bathroom in between the main stage and the foyer. The chipped, peeling walls feature lovingly scrawled lines such as, "you'll always be my sweet boy," "have a nice pee," and "she blank on my vinyl til I project." An indelible impression, and further confirmation that this is exactly where I'm supposed to be.

"My name is Jack Campbell, and this is a violin." No further introduction, immediately followed by a descent into frenzied surreal madness which culminates in piercing, horror-adjacent notes. Melancholic, sorrowful, languished — all with a determined, focused countenance, bathed in whiplash lighting alternating between blues, reds, pinks, and purples. This singular violin, producing sounds of

a calibre oh-so-tense and oh-so-fraught, evokes the feeling of a dark, dingy tavern or a forlorn hilltop manor outfitted with dusty cobwebs; solely illuminated by a flickering candelabra to reveal the ghoulish faces shrouded in shadow. My very first note of the evening was, "the anxiety/frenzy is palpable." It's a clear narrative journey, and it's one that's tough to fully parse. Imagine the haunting and patently unsettling sounds of a death rattle, a swarm of bees, a rocket ascending or a siren detonating, and tossing them into a blender at full speed (sprinkled with a few razor blades for good measure.)

"If you didn't enjoy it, go fuck yourself," says the soft-spoken, mild-mannered Jack Campbell, never once betraying the cheeky and irreverent attitude that so perfectly encapsulates the forward-looking nature of his music.

The following piece, aptly described as "a bit romantic," starts as an anguished, slightly foreboding tale; highlighting a sense of longing juxtaposed with jaunty notes of folly; gentle harmonious melodies soon become sharp, jagged, jarring, and increasingly more aggressive. Enthusiastically received and embraced by way of rapturous applause from the audience, it's an impressive take on the art of foley and friction, intentionally disarming before ramping up for an impact so staggeringly powerful that we can hardly brace ourselves in time. All eyes are glued attentively and visibly captivated; a few are nodding and bouncing along, headbanging gently like devoted disciples of Bill & Ted. It's every bit a musical performance as it is an emotive one.

Next up we have The Magic Triangle, who waste no time blasting the audience with the horns and blares of farcical trombones backed by a bass so heavy and a rhythm so movable it inspires gaggles of stragglers from the other room to erupt onto the dance floor as one collective entity — a massive amorphous blob of boppers. The vocals are cacophonous and feel completely spontaneous, peppered with chipper, delightfully unselfconscious exclamations along the lines of "YEEHAW!" and "YIP YIP!" Each set expertly maintains

momentum with seemingly zero breaks in between, culminating in Dionysian levels of excess and celebration.

After a brief intermission with nothing but the sound of oscillating fans and shuffling feet heading out the door for a smoke, The Goat String Orchestra bounds onto the stage and douses the crowd with ghoulish vocals ft. jazz fusion and emphatic inflections — tremulous yet powerful vocals reminiscent of Haunted George or Sky Saxon of the Seeds. Before we know it, we're thrust into the first fiddle solo of the night and the crowd loses their aggregate SHIT! This entire sequence feels like a Rob Zombie soundbite for some demented corn maze or haunted hayride, or, in other words, a rustic symphony of deliciously coordinated chaos; passionate, free, and devoid of traditional adherence to structure.

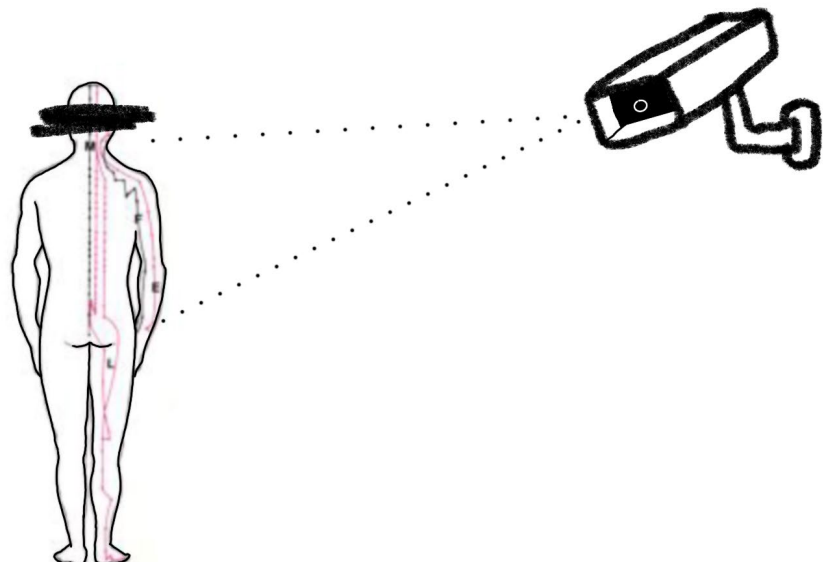
Seeing as most of the previous acts had a more instrumental-minded focus, the final act of the night - Mom Cuts My Hair — feels noticeably distinct with their emphasis on gentle, breezy vocals that lead effortlessly into bouts of thunderous intensity. The dreamy, fragmented guitar riffs simmer and ultimately erupt into powerful, explosive choruses. Coarse, abrasive, and completely unrestrained; a brief moment of pause provides the perfect opportunity for lead singer/guitarist Justine Do to probe the audience with an inquiry so charmingly

apropos: "Anyone feel a little hot in here tonight?!"

This is, of course, answered in the affirmative through a harmonized sequence of hoots, hollers, and an incessant demand for an encore. I look down at my notebook — now littered with tangential asides scribbled in the margins — and clutch my remaining gel pen, hovering over the space that so desperately needs to be filled with one final zinger; a closing remark that feels equal parts witty, insightful, and appropriately facetious in that East Van sorta way. This is a crucial moment; one that will set the stage for my burgeoning career as a boots-on-the-ground reporter!

So, in keeping with the spirit of bathroom wall community boards, I draw a smiley face topped with devil horns, and a single scalloped speech bubble trailing faintly from its wobbly grin: "I enjoyed it."

I cap the pen, close the book, and join the crowd in their collective cries for another bone to chew. ☺



In spite of what the following wall of text might suggest, I really know very little about Green Auto. I've spent time there – countless nights pressed between bodies staring up at the main stage, a can of \$7 beer in my hand as the crowd sways, jumps or moshes to whatever grindcore trio, singer-songwriter or indie rock band heads the bill.

I've also done my research – spoken with regular Green Auto headliners, searched archives for mentions of the venue and scrolled all the way back to the first post on its Instagram profile (thank you, Zuckerberg, for personally mandating there be no way to view old posts besides manually combing through everything a person has ever uploaded – very cool.) I briefly interviewed a member of the Green Auto team who later requested I not quote them, and I spoke even more briefly via text with the venue's owner who expressed ambivalence about speaking to reporters, something they've managed to avoid for over three years of operation, before leaving me on read.

The caginess is understandable. Vancouver's DIY venues operate on a sliding scale of mainstream legitimacy – on the one end; Red Gate, registered non-profit. On the other; Alf House (ask a punk.) In between, pseudo-legal spaces operate at the benign neglect of city officials, never more than a legal notice away from becoming the next Black Lab (ordered to cease operations in January, 2024.)

Despite this uncertainty, DIY spaces continue to do the work – often out of pocket and on shoestring budgets – to platform Vancouver's underfunded but culturally and economically vital arts scene. Often, they go it alone: City Council's ABC coalition recently gutted and passed a watered-down version of Councillor Fry's motion for Urgent Investment in Vancouver's Arts and Culture Infrastructure, signalling their unwillingness to meaningfully support independent arts in Vancouver.

This climate of apathy at best, hostility at worst, puts high-profile DIY spaces like Green Auto in a strange position; one where the vitality and enthusiastic participation of scene locals enables them to organize massive, culturally momentous events – all without official recognition or support from the city. Because this is no two-day, eight-band operation. Make no mistake: *Green Auto Fest* is the shit.

Nine days, 61 bands, one mystery headliner, and two hotdog barbecues, each included with price-of-entry. Tonight is Day Two, and TJ Felix has broken a string. "Anyone got a guitar," they ask the crowd while a bandmate digs in a guitar case for an extra string. The guitarist from Dog Fighter rushes backstage and grabs hers, brings it out and hands it to TJ. It's massive, garish and pointy – an hour earlier, Dog Fighter's guitarist had struggled to control its comically dialed-up feedback, drowning out the frontperson's mid-set banter.

with distorted guitars on the main stage. Ira Hardly stood out among the three acts not repping the punk-rock sound – think David Berman meets Paulie Bleeker and you're in the ballpark. Sad country-rock songs with a comical edge, backed up by a lead guitarist with the chops and style of a jazz veteran.

Water Margin is another highlight. In an interview with Discorder, guitarist and co-vocalist Jean-Michel said the band had been working on the nine intricately dialed-in post-hardcore tracks on their 2025 debut, *Gleaming Cursed*, for almost four years. It shows – both live and on the record, Jean-Michel and fellow guitarist/vocalist Geordon trade interlocking riffs and shouted dual vocals to create a dense and technical sound unlike anything else I've heard in Vancouver.

The night closes out with sets from Cherry Pick and Gadfly (for more on why they're the best mosh band in Vancouver, see our *Trooper Fest* review), and a headlining set from Still Depths. The crowd is thin, I recognize few people in the crowd, speak with even fewer.

Day Three brings a mostly country-inspired lineup and a bigger crowd, no doubt partly in anticipation of returning champ Spank Williams headlining set. Bill Can, the night's third act, was a good band before they added a dedicated guitarist to their lineup, slinging fast-paced rhythmic "bubblegum rock" as a three-piece. Now, with their live-wire frontperson freeing up their hands for the prop-heavy crowdwork they were born to do, they're a personal favourite and a strong contender for the most fun you can have at a live show in Vancouver – T-ball bats, vuvuzelas and garbage bags of balloons, they got it all.

After a set of mournful, Jason-Molina-goes-jazz country ballads from Bry Lovejoy and the Fantomes, scene veteran Spank Williams and his band take the stage for the first of three sets at *Green Auto Fest*. No one works a crowd like Spank Williams, even falling-over drunk as he quickly admits he is. Slurring call and response stage banter and shit-talking Montreal, he plays the hits (and a killer Tom Waits cover) running through the audience shaking hands, sitting morosely on the floor while a fan washes his feet with a bottle of Dasani (don't ask), and opening up an impromptu hug-mosh pit.

"The performance is really what it is," said Spank Williams in an interview with *Discorder*. "We're a live band through and through, and I'm aware of that ... [we're] still cracking the recording thing, but, live, I really don't think there's anyone better than us."

Green Auto's owner seems to agree. It was up in the air whether Spank Williams would be able to play the fest at all, much less be the final day's (spoiler alert) mystery headliner considering his recent move to Montreal.

"He was telling me about *Green Auto Fest* about three months ago, saying, 'Would you be down to come out?' And I was like '100%, but I couldn't afford the ticket' ... we cut the ticket in half. I plan on paying him full, I'm just not telling him yet ... I wouldn't have been here. If anyone enjoyed the set, thank the mysterious Green Auto man."

There's lots more to thank him for. Many local artists get their start at Green Auto, playing near-empty rooms to friends and

GREEN AUTO FEST 2025

WORDS BY JULIAN FORST
ILLUSTRATIONS
BY EMILE ROBINSON

TJ accepts it gratefully, though it clashes with their look, and the band strikes back up. TJ, one of the scene's most prolific and distinctive artists, started recording their brand of prickly, erratic bedroom punk in 2005 as a form of harm reduction, they said in a 2023 interview with *Discorder*. Despite liner notes revealing many of their albums were recorded piecemeal, "in shelters, in sro's, punkhouse basements, stairwells, on greyhound buses, etc. etc. etc.," even their early work has a feeling of completeness, care and love-labour that makes even the most from-the-vault, thrown-together tracks sound cohesive.

They break another string and return to their original guitar for the rest of the set. TJ and their fellow vocalist are wasted, pouring beer on themselves and the stage (a Green Auto tradition), but it doesn't slow them down – even if the solos sound a little wonky without a D string ("the most important one," TJ joked).

Tonight, the sound is mainly hardcore, with six of nine bands blasting out the stacks



venue staff, and plenty more, including Spank Williams, have counted on the venue for a few shifts on door or tending bar.

“Both me and [Gadfly drummer] Nigel worked at Green Auto before,” said Gadfly guitarist and vocalist Homa. “And we recorded some of our singles there ... our first show [at Green Auto] was actually closing the first night of the first *Green Auto Fest*.”

Homa has seen both the festival and Green Auto’s crowd change over the years. “Now it seems like it’s much more well known,” she said.

That tracks. The first *Green Auto Fest*, back in 2022, featured 16 bands over two days — an impressive showing for a DIY festival. But, though the fest grew gradually over the next two years, this year’s setup was something else. Its massive scale points to both the pseudo-mainstream place the venue has taken in the independent scene (Day One even saw a certain city councillor in attendance) as well as the size and energy of the community that the Green Auto team has built.

“When I heard that [Green Auto Fest] was nine days, I was like, “Ok, so two of those days are gonna be sold out and then the rest of the week is going to be five or six people,” said Water Margin’s Jean-Michel. “Just whoever can make it after work, y’know? But I don’t think it really was that way. I think [the turnout] says a lot about the culture ... that’s popped up around Green Auto.”

Jean-Michel’s bandmate, Geordon, agreed.

“It almost felt, from our talking to [the owner], that the organizing committee was overwhelmed by the number of DIY bands in the scene and was scrambling to fit it all in ... trying to bottle all this energy at the last minute. And that is, at once, a noble and good thing, and sometimes ... a bit chaotic.”

Although ambition can cost some chaos, the tradeoff was worth it. Day Seven is a sold out show headlined by hardcore band Piss. If you haven’t seen them, do it now — or whenever they get back from tour, I guess.

The show starts with a content warning from vocalist Tay that the set will get into topics of sexual violence. Accompanied by vocal samples from interviews and speeches on sexual assault and gendered abuse, Piss breaks into complex, chaotic hardcore. Tay thrashes, doubles over, alternates between quiet spoken word and screams. Their best track starts quietly, Tay delivering harrowing lyrics on a painful, violent relationship. She breaks and starts over many times, ending each repetition with “cut!” as the band builds a wall of noise behind her. It’s heavy music that’s hard to cheer for, impossible to miss.

Other highlights of the night: Tall Mary dragging screeches from guitars with ice picks, and graffiti in the bathroom reading “I messed up three times during my set but I never felt unwelcome.”

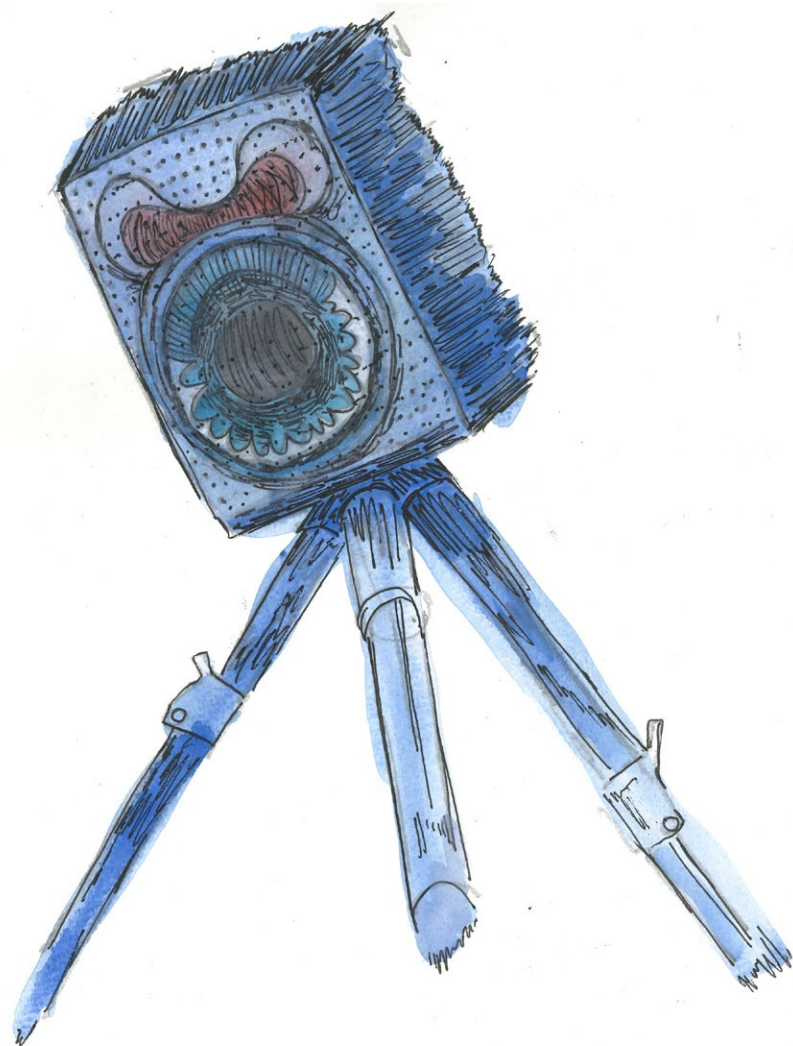
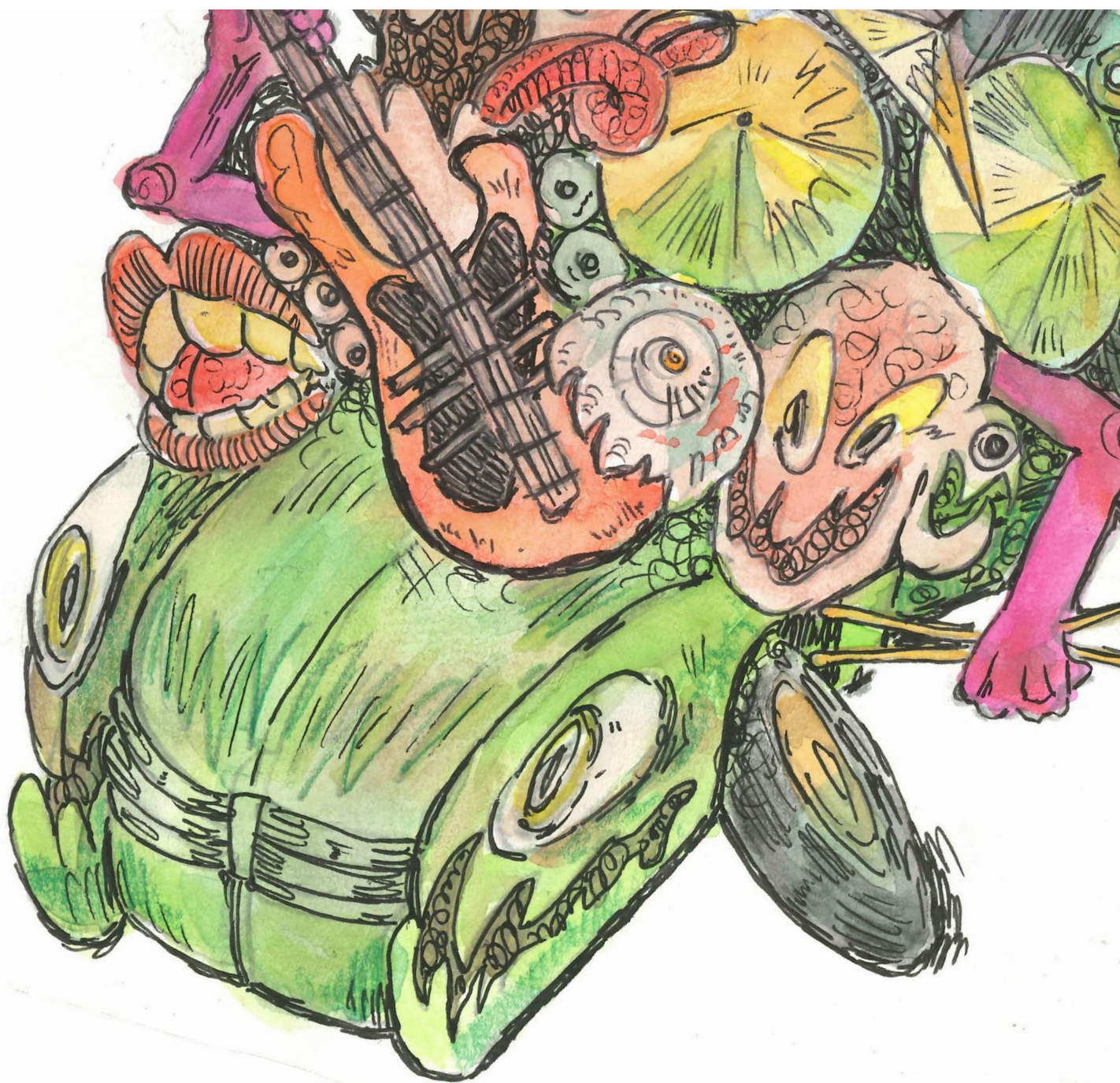
Day Nine, the final night, pulls almost as big a crowd as the seventh. With nine bands on the bill and another free BBQ to close out the fest, some friends put themselves to the ol’ nine-nine-nine: nine beers and nine hotdogs over the course of the night, one for each set. I bow out — learn from your mistakes. When I check back in, they’ve made it to four and thrown in the towel.

Jisei and Computer steal the last day’s show. Jisei is a grindcore three-piece with guitar, bass, drum backing track and a death-growling, stage climbing vocalist. Computer is an experimental rock band — think Black Midi with an electronic mixer and five pedalboards. After their set, a hush falls over the crowd in sharp anticipation of the secret guest headliner...

Just kidding. It’s Spank Williams; he kind of soft-spoiled it during his first set, and pretty much everyone I speak to on Day Nine already knows. According to Spank Williams, there were plans for his band to be the festival’s house band, playing every night after the other acts were through.

“I was like, ‘I don’t know about that.’ I love [the Green Auto team] to bits, but the secret headliner’s kind of a bum move. It’s like, ladies and gentlemen, you’ve already seen him three times!”

Not much new the third time around, but Spank Williams set is never a waste of time. Towards the end of the night, he calls out some names — friends, organizers, community regulars — and brings them onstage for a final verse. *Green Auto Fest* is over, long live *Green Auto Fest*. The crowd files into the alley past the meat packing plant next door. ©





You're driving solo down a winding Alberta highway engulfed by the Rockies, four hours into a nine hour drive, a crisp breeze from your fully open sunroof refreshes the top of your head while trancey techno shakes your rear view mirror. Your tank is almost empty, but fret not, a gas station is just a few kilometres ahead. Fuck. On your right, the "Welcome to British Columbia. The Best Place on Earth" sign. If it were the best place on earth, would fuel prices be the most expensive of any other province in the country? The gas may be high, but your spirits are higher, because you're just too stoked about taking your new Subie to its first destination: *Bass Coast 2025*.

Bass Coast is a femme-led boutique electronic music festival held every July on the traditional, ancestral, and unceded territory of the Nlaka'pamux and Syilx peoples in Merritt, British Columbia. Co-founded by Andrea Graham and Liz Thomson in 2009, *Bass Coast* is an intimate, independent, and thoughtfully curated celebration of local and international art and music. As an audiophile, it's an incredible experience to attend a music festival surrounded by an abundance of unique individuals whose lives, in varying capacities, also revolve around sound. To set the scene, I invite you to queue up and listen to the following song by a DJ we'll hear from and mention in this piece, because reading about music is one thing, but actually hearing it yourself is an experience that can't be transmitted.

BASS COAST 2026 TIP
"Bringing electrolytes and a really good pair of sneakers."
DJ DOOD

Q U E U E U P
"VORTEX"
MATRIXMAN AND SETAOC MASS.

Despite having left Calgary, Alberta well over nine hours before the start of "Vancouver"-based SUBDIDI's set, I made it by just a hair. Subaru parked in the temporary lot, I sprinted from check-in to the Slay Bay stage and got to thoroughly enjoy the last ten minutes of SUBDIDI's set smoking a Mexican Menthol offered to me by a delightful new friend Vishna. As SUBDIDI put it himself, *Bass Coast* is hot, "very hot [...] in every sense of the word, like, yes, heat, but also sexy, you know? There's a lot of sexy people out here. There's a lot of hot people out here. It's also really fucking hot, you know. The DJs are hot, the stage is hot, even the fan blowing wind is hot. The grass and sand, it's hot. The trees are warm. I'm hot, you know, like, the mic is hot, my friends are hot. People dancing are hot."

Each year, tucked into the sun-drenched woods of Southern Interior British Columbia, *Bass Coast* offers a blossoming psychedelic playground of community, creativity, and sonic sanctuary. The game is in the name; while *Bass Coast* is rooted in bass music, its sonic identity refuses to stay

in one lane. Techno-DJ Matrixxman offered an industrial, throttling, and hypnotic set at the Cabin Stage — one that fuelled threads of Berlin and Detroit pulsations into the dust particles of Merritt. Techno is typically the type of music I reach for when it comes to dancing, and Matrixxman delivered a set that went beyond *Bass Coast*. At first, Matrixxman described feeling "crazy out of place" in his words, "I was like, wait, a techno set does not belong, but then I realized that there was this beauty in it, because I heard a lot of other ideas and how diverse [*Bass Coast*] was. It was nice to have this one moment where I was locked in to some pure loopy, ritualistic techno. So I understood the value of it after the fact." It's "humanumonic," he says, "tapping into the whole spectrum of human emotion could be joy, inhalation, it could be more subtle and sensitive," and he goes on to describe "that the type of technique I've played there, I think, would fit perfectly with someone hitting a DMT pen. I think people inherently get really locked in, the people that [my music] attracts are the people that are lowkey seeking spiritual release." In my conversation with SUBDIDI, he highlights the importance of going into *Bass Coast* "without any expectations." He thinks "a lot of people who go out always want to hear



something very specific, and when they don't hear what they want, they get very discouraged from ever going out again. You have to be really open to exploration, *Bass Coast* has really good curation [...] and it kind of intertwines itself with other genres that aren't necessarily as bass-y," as the beauty of *Bass Coast* is in this interplay between genres and the unexpected. "I always come in with an open heart" he says, "just go into it and have fun, if you're going to drive all the way to Merritt, you might as well have fun."

Q U E U E U P
"COPACABATHENS"
MADAM X

Bass Coast offers an abundant landscape of expression, release, and creation. To Christiana Vassilakis, known as DJ Madam X (who you are hopefully listening to right now if you queued up the abovementioned track) *Bass Coast* offers a "comfortable, inclusive and beautiful" environment. In her words, she has "always said that *Bass Coast* is my favourite festival to play at." Describing a night that lasted until 8:00am, she went into the evening with no plans and ended up watching *Shutter Island* in *The Librarian's* trailer. I "ended up in a few trailers" she says, which is "a very unique thing to festivals, yeah, you just end up in someone's trailer, you know?"

Elsa, AKA DJ Dood, both played *Bass Coast* this year and is the executive assistant for the festival. They describe their experience as feeling like "the whole dance community in Vancouver goes to summer camp. It feels like every year we go to, like, a little

BASS COAST 2026 TIP
"Always come in with an open heart."
SUBDIDI

summer camp and like, play and hang out." Elsa elaborates on how "this year was intimate. It was an intimate year. I feel like every year I'm always inspired by all the creativity at the festival." Madam X also shared how one of the things that makes *Bass Coast* so "special is that it's so intimate." Choreographer, dancer, and facilitator Lzyah, AKA Alyssa Favero, believes that this intimate community nature of the festival "brings you close, even if you don't move through every second with each person, you might have a dance for a moment" with someone four years ago that you see again on the dancefloor years later, "and so that community coming together through dance is something that *Bass Coast* has brought to me and other spaces. For DJ Dood, "*Bass Coast* has honestly changed my life. Playing last year got me so many more opportunities, just getting to be noticed and on a platform like that being put in front of so many people who are so enthusiastic about discovering music [...] What I love the most about the *Bass Coast* community is that they're just wanting to find new music, wanting to understand, and learn. There's just such a wonderful culture of,

BASS COAST 2026 TIP
"Tell your friends where you're going and follow the flow."
LYZAH

like, discovery with *Bass Coast* attendees." DJ Dood's first *Bass Coast* experience started as an attendee back in 2018/2019, and another long-time community member is Brent Mosher, AKA D.Mo.

Brent shares similar sentiments, in that "this place is so special because the crowd is really receptive to whatever you want to bring to the table." Brent tells me they, "felt like what I played really represented me as an artist and I felt like it really represented *Bass Coast* in a sense. Every song I played made sense for the stage and the time slot that I was playing, but at the same time, I covered a variety of different genres and moods, and there were peaks and valleys with the energy." You can check out his monthly radio show *Bits, Beats & Breaks* to get an aural sense of these peaks and valleys. To Brent, *Bass Coast* is also "just a fun, silly time. In addition to the audience being really open to whatever type of music, people don't take themselves too seriously here. You can wear what you like, you can present however you want to present." This reminded me of my short and sweet conversation with Bradley Zero, who contrasted his observations of the UK and British Columbia rave cultures; "dance musical culture is maybe a bit more of an alternative sort of outsider thing here, maybe I'm generalizing" he says, "but that's my take. Whereas you go to festivals that have sort of similar music in the UK, and it's still underground music, but it's like mainstream." In a sense "it's a rite of passage, everyone goes," whereas "here people are really turned out, which is cool, people care a lot," it "feels a bit more psychedelic, a bit more like burning man inspired." One thing Madam X loves about *Bass Coast* is how you have the artists and all the ravers mingling together and integrating, it doesn't really feel like you're segregated or that you're not all together as one. I love how it's just like such a mesh of like people." A mesh of people and unexpected experiences indeed, as I would not have had the opportunity to approach and chat with DJ Dood after his set at Slay Bay if it weren't for this integrated space between artists and ravers (although Media Access did help.)

Q U E U E U P
"WAXCAP"
DJ RUM

Both Madam X and Matrixxman mentioned the impact, technique, and talent of Felix Manuel, aka Djourm. Whereas I had done research and planned in advance to attend the sets of Matrixxman and SUBDIDI, I stumbled across the performances of Madam X Djourm as "happy accidents," as Bob Ross would say. Madam X enthusiastically mentioned in our conversation how "Djourm's set was amazing, obviously, he's like a little technical wizard." Matrixxman had "heard amazing things about Djourm, [...] doing this turntable stuff, he comes

from a classical piano background." The two of them actually had a ride together and Matrixxman said "I was like, lowkey struck, I didn't even introduce myself to him. I was like, oh, shit, this is Felix." Djourm's set is one that I stumbled upon as a result of rejecting something Matrixxman introduced me to during our conversation — the 'Abilene complex.' The Abilene complex is "like when a big-ass family can't agree to eating a certain type of food, so everyone ends up settling on a restaurant that no one likes. It's that weird human psychology where everyone tries to make everyone else happy, which makes no one happy in the process" Matrixxman says. That idea defined my 2025 *Bass Coast* experience, and possibly also the entire trajectory of '20s thus far. Much of my *Bass Coast* this year was spent leaving my friends and wandering off to different stages alone, because I enjoyed the music more at different stages and was having more fun dancing alone than forcibly swaying to music I didn't connect with.

So, I ended up having the time of my life dancing to Djourm alone, never having heard of him before, but coincidentally stumbling upon one of the best sets I've ever experienced in my life. I decided to go up to Felix after his set, and had the pleasure of talking to him for about 20 minutes at the Artist Bar. However, unfortunately no quotes to pull as a result of relying on the Apple Voicememo app, which corrupted my audio recording file. It took me a few days to accept the fact I am not enough of a tech wizard to repair this file and recover the entire transcript of our conversation. But I was able to extract 43 seconds of audio—so, as part of my grieving process, I'll share it here. For context, Felix, his brother, Yana Valerya (installation artist), and I were discussing how to ask someone "Where does your mail go?" is a more interesting icebreaker than "Where are you from?"

Me: So where does your mail go?
Felix's Brother: It goes to my parents — our parents — place, yeah, but that doesn't mean that's home. That doesn't mean it's where I'm based.
Me: No, not necessarily.
Felix's Brother: There's that phrase, 'home is where you hang your hat, home is where the heart is.'
Me: Uh-huh.
Felix's Brother: Home is where your mail goes. God, that's depressing.
Yana: I read this thing somewhere that said, 'travel allows you to realize that home is just always within yourself.'
Me: True.
Felix's Brother: Yeah, that's what I think.

Home is within ourselves, 20-minute interviews that were captured and corrupted are in our hearts, and *Bass Coast* 2026 is gonna be awesome, you should be there. ☺

TROOPER FEST 3

WORDS BY JULIAN FOREST
ILLUSTRATIONS BY R. HESTER

Noelle Chaos has played in a lot of bands – Chaos Disorder and Panic, Cop Grinder, Corporate Death Machine and Curmudgeons, to name a few, and she's booked countless more as an organizer for local underground shows. When it comes to Trooper, though, there's only one cat for her.



got Trooper when he was 6 weeks old. It was love at first sight for both of us and we've been best friends ever since," she wrote in *The Georgia Straight*. When "the best cat in punk" stopped eating and became lethargic in the summer of 2023, the steep veterinary bills for a diagnosis were a necessity, not an option.

"I borrowed all this money from people all over the scene to get him to the vet, and several trips later, he got diagnosed as diabetic," said Noelle in an interview with *Discorder*. After putting Trooper on a sustained treatment plan and nursing him back to health, Noelle began to look for ways to repay her community. Here, too, friends stepped in to help – local bands The Fomites, Kidz Help Fone and Leroy's Garage offered to play a fundraiser and hopefully scrape together enough money to pay Trooper's bills.

Trooper Fest 1 was a single-night event held at Black Lab on July 2. Noelle had booked shows for the venue in the past and her own band, Chaos Disorder and Panic, played alongside the other three. Although social media has carved out a growing role in ensuring turnout for independent shows in recent years, *Trooper Fest 1*'s success was thanks, in large part, to community-driven promotion.

"My friend is in a band called Pilznar; they were shooting a music video that day," said Noelle. "They brought their whole crew of people down and we raised enough money to pay off Trooper's debts and start up a nest egg for ... his treatment plan."

But Noelle realized that Trooper's bills weren't going away any time soon, and would likely only get steeper as he aged. She began building *Trooper Fest* into a regular

part of Vancouver's independent summer festival scene in the vein of *SHAME Fest* or *Green Auto Fest*. The following year, she expanded it to a two-night event at Red Gate and the Alf House, again raising enough money to keep Trooper stomping.

This year, Noelle and friends expanded *Trooper Fest* one more time – it ran across the weekend of July 18-20, with five-band shows on each of the three nights and a four-band day show on the 20th.

I caught the second show at Red Gate featuring Lord Wrought, Chaos Disorder and Panic, Dead Streets, Luella and Gadfly. A laden table of band tees, stickers and pet toys stood opposite the stage – prizes for the night's raffle.

Lord Wrought is a three-piece horror-hardcore act – machine gun drums, buzzsaw guitar, and a vocalist who adds throat-pitched cries to the standard death metal growl. With their black hair-dye melting under the stage lights and staining their face blue, frontperson Devi directed a small, energetic moshpit between songs.

Following Lord Wrought, Noelle's own Chaos Disorder and Panic took the stage. The band's lineup changes from show to show – this set featured Noelle playing appropriately chaotic bass lines alongside an equally breakneck drummer. Noelle sang in a deep, quiet growl, her lyrics' revolutionary content only audible in choruses like "No justice, no peace / fuck the police."

Between songs, Noelle spoke on police brutality and Indigenous justice and thanked the crowd on behalf of Trooper: he was there in spirit, she said, thanks to a camera



broadcasting the show to *Redgate TV*. Noelle had set up the venue's livestream on a laptop back home, and Trooper was headbanging along from the comfort of his bed. But the punk cat king wasn't just a silent benefactor from his fest – like any good punk, he got organized and put in the work.

"Trooper approves every decision on the fest," said Noelle. "When I'm getting ready to [organize it], me and Trooper will make a list of bands, we'll make a list of venues we want to work with, and we'll map out a plan and I'll play the bands for Trooper ... If he likes something he'll sit and listen to it. If he doesn't like it he'll just get up and leave [and] I just don't book them. You're not playing my cat's fest if my cat doesn't like you."

Next up was Seattle-based Dead Streets, a metal-infused punk rock band featuring drums, bass, guitar and vocalist. While the latter fell a little short of the expressive wails usually associated with the guitarist's soaring power metal riffs, they made up for it in energy and crowdwork, and their vocal control even while being lifted on the shoulders of a group of burly fans was impressive.

Think of Luella, the fourth band of the night, as *the* essential Vancouver hardcore band. The bassist, drummer and guitarist-frontperson split the difference between perfectly executing genre tropes and exploring new sounds of their own. Their set, a tight collection of death metal inspired "hellriffs" frequently incorporated spoken word and hip-hop samples to introduce songs or drone under distorted guitar.

Gadfly, the night's final act, has been a fixture of the local hardcore scene for

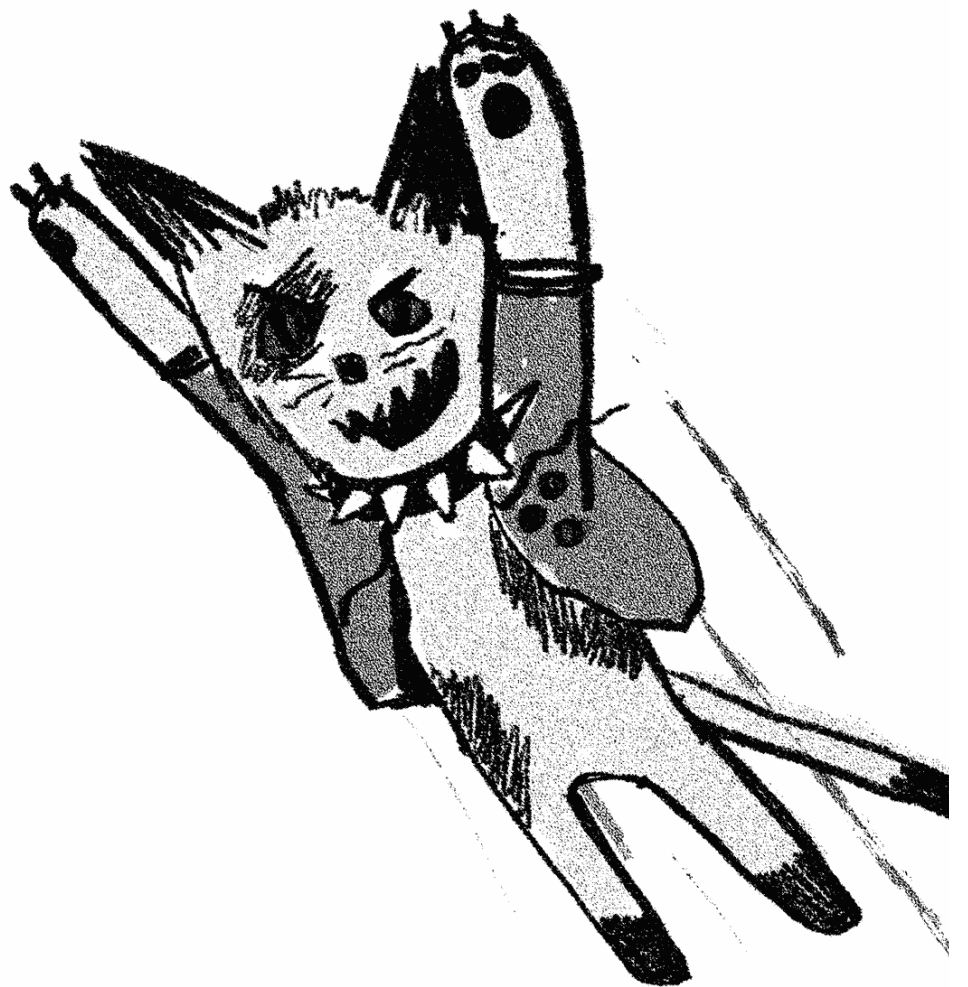
over three years. In a 2023 interview with *Discorder*, frontperson Homa called their music "hardcore punk and heavy stoner metal hypnotic riffs" with Farsi and English lyrics alongside Persian melodies.

What this doesn't capture, what you can only feel seeing Gadfly live, is the sense of real danger and abandon, the sense that someone might just get hurt as bassist Hansen leaps from the tops of amp stacks and smashes his instrument on the stage, as Homa lowers her mirror-encrusted guitar like a bayonet and charges into the crowd. "She could actually hit someone with that," I'd whispered to a friend seeing Gadfly at *Green Auto Fest* a few days prior – at *Trooper Fest*, that someone was me. All this with no audible slip in the band's droning, lumbering feedback melodies. In a scene where so many bands get in on the faux-riot of the moshpit, Gadfly is supreme.

All through the fest, Noelle stood by the stage photographing the bands, a documentarian as much as an organizer. "Trooper's not going anywhere soon, so the fest is here to stay," she says.

"It's really nice to see the community come together over something that's kind of turned into both a celebration of the scene, and also just helping me care for my cat."

If you want to help Noelle keep Trooper in catnip-garnished chicken (his favourite treat), keep your eyes peeled for *Trooper Fest 4* next summer. ☺





AIRHEAD



Dear airhead

A week ago I went to the Otani Workshop exhibit at the art gallery with my family. We were sitting on a bench, admiring one of the giant floor-to-celing paintings of those little dinosaur looking things, when I noticed the man sitting next to me scrolling through what looked like manga porn in the middle of the gallery. I was shocked. I tried to show my brother discretely but the man caught on and got up and left. I don't know how to feel. To each their own I guess, but to be scrolling on a site like that at an exhibit all about innocence and child-like wonder? I still feel weird, should I have reported him?

Anonymous

2D pussy at the VAG and it isn't a touring O'Keeffe? I hope that animal isn't an exhibitionist...

When I first moved to this dump, the first thing I did was take my mother to the gallery. I think the exhibits were Jan Wade and Edith Heath. Wade's *Soul Power*, in particular, filled me with such a light; I remember thinking how special it was to have had black art in a beautiful stone building. God, those quilts. For maybe a month after I believed this city was actually capable of joy...

I'm not surprised about that man. They never wait, or stop, or do literally anything else. As for your guilt, my love: if my time in this litter box has taught me anything, it's that filing a report is about as effective as not filing one at all. Sometimes you just have to swallow it and hope it doesn't tangle on its way down.

Airhead

Hey Airhead,

I was on a walk to pick up a new copy of *Discorder* last month when I fell and split open my knee on a rock.

It was one of those weirdly warm, but rainy, days – humidity off the fuckin charts. The air felt thick like soup, you know?

I was traipsing through Trout Lake park with my eyes closed, following the sounds of the birds, like I do every Sunday, when I heard an incredibly loud noise. Way off to the left side of me I hear a din, like the sound of a large man flapping a piece of sheet metal while screaming bloody murder. I was in such a state of shock that I tripped and split my knee.

Now my knee is banjaxed and I'm sitting here without a copy of the last issue. Can you please answer as to why this happened to me? I feel that I deserve some kind of recompense for my physical and psychological injury from this event.

Anonymous

Din... Banjax...

I'm not paid or educated enough to know what those words mean. I was gonna tell you about the curse of Trout Lake, and its tears which smite hope, but the bird who told me that story broke my heart and I don't want to think about him. That lake is so full of despair that whenever it senses so much as a candle's wick of joy cutting through its gloom it starts to— anyway, technically it's not your fault but, who cares. *I* would've been really embarrassed and insecure if I were in your shoes. You should've known better than to have walked past such a mischievous body of water at whatever time of day you happened to have walked past it. GOOD. LUCK. getting your lick back in a city like this...

Besides, a trained performer such as yourself would've known how to recover from a startle caused by such a "din." Might I recommend perhaps some vogue femme classes over in Mt. Pleasant with the cats down at VVJ? DO NOT tell them I sent you, lest you act a fool on my good word... but I'm sure they could teach a squirrel like you a thing or two about escaping a tumble in style.

Airhead

Hi,

Sending good energy for a focused and fulfilling day!

Just following up on my previous message. We provide remote accounting, bookkeeping, and tax filing services that help businesses cut costs by up to 40 %, without compromising compliance or quality.

Our team works on platforms like QuickBooks, Xero, and Sage, and offers support in your time zone.

Open to a 15-minute chat to explore how we can help?

Warm regards,
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

Five submissions and one of them is a bot. Of course. How did you even find my email? Fuck you.

Airhead

What are people thinking when they walk six deep on the sidewalk? It's not like you can hear the person on the opposite end as you, just get them ants walking two by two.-C.

You know C, I've been struggling. For months, I sat by my mailbox, palm glued to my cheek, hoping for someone — god, anyone — else to write to me. The summer came, I went home. I went abroad. I swam, I took a pottery class, I took many trains, I read many books, and I danced and I wept. *I even* got over my ex, all so that I could avoid having to respond to *you*. It's not because I have anything against you, I don't even know who you are. Shit, deep down I even hope you might be having a fine day.

It's just, I asked for asinine takes and *this* is what's been plaguing you? I can't even think of a sidewalk wide enough for six people to walk in a row!

Airhead

Dear Airhead,

Are you real?

Archives @ Citr

To have the archives department asking if I'm real... as if you didn't already know who's behind this? As if you didn't already know how much money was spent on rebooting this pitiable excuse of a column? All of the [REDACTED] that was raised this year... the strawberry matchas we steal in student fees... I must admit the *Discorder x Jeff Koons* balloon dog was too avant-garde to have yielded an ROI, but to have had only 5 submissions after we wasted the last of the pre-tariff steel on this campaign? That man will never want to allegedly launder money here ever again.

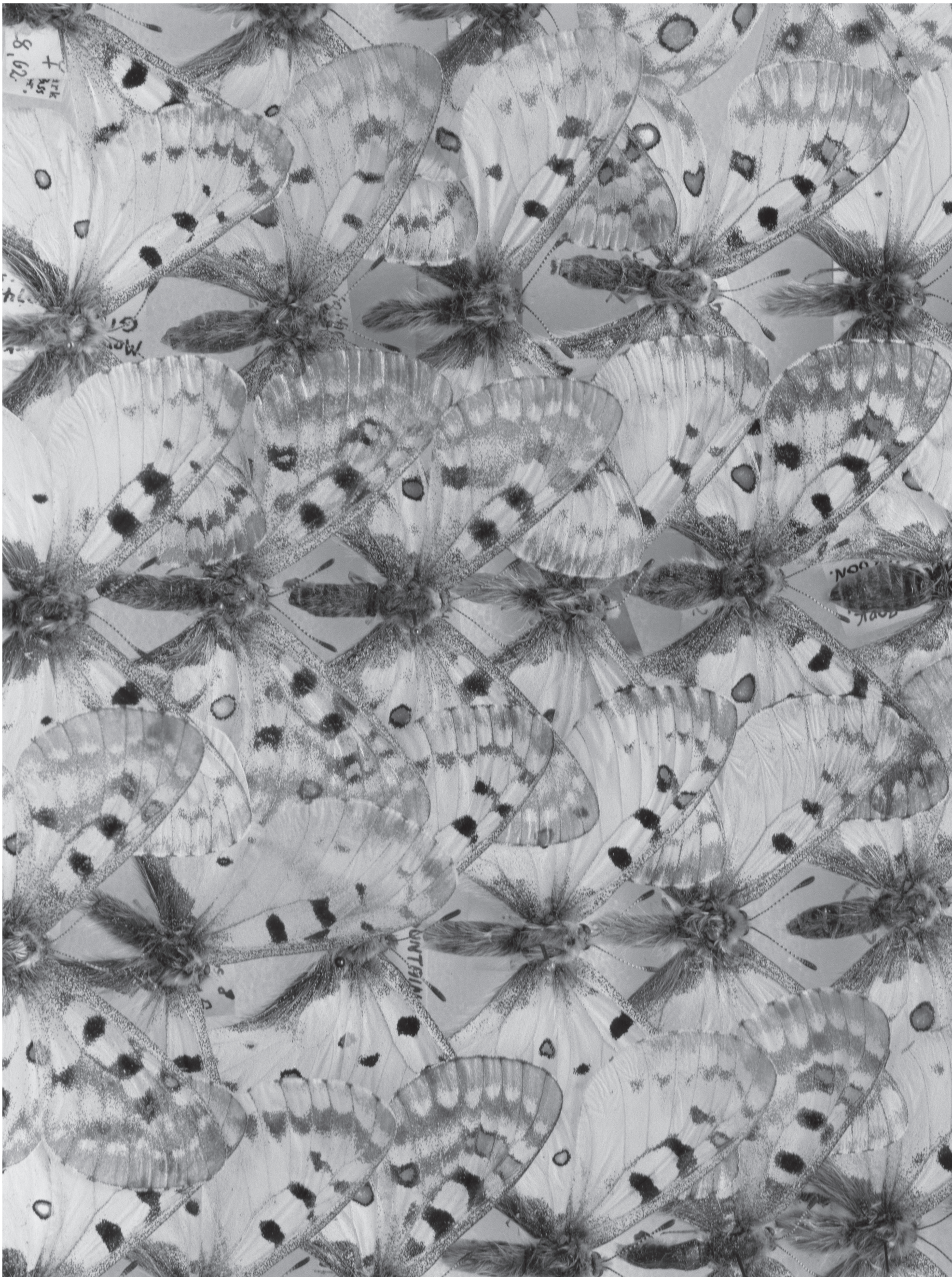
When I first took this gig they told me I was going to be the next "famous" contemporary arts and culture critic/ Carrie Bradshaw, that it would be great for my career and let me focus on my craft. But they kicked me off the air and siphoned me into goldbeater's skin. Do you know that it's made out of cow intestine, or do you only think about sidewalk politics? I used to be young, now I'm a stale pathetic fart in a zeppelin, waiting for the world to give up on hydrogen again.

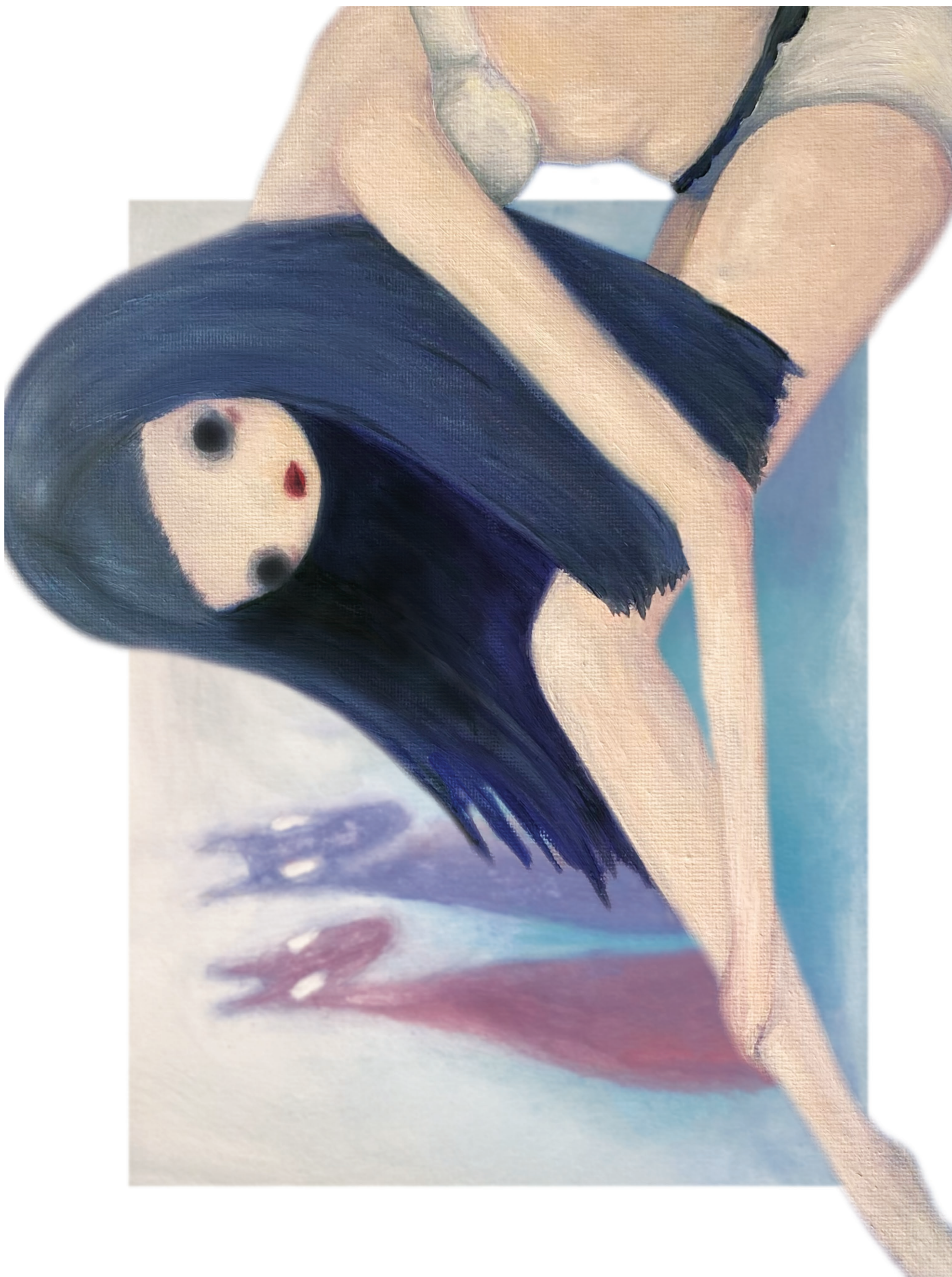
I am so incredibly disappointed in each and every one of you. You have no idea how much of a privilege it is to have THE Airhead back from the grave... and the best any of you can do is speak of sidewalks, more sidewalks, and hentai?! I hope at least *someone* was paid to fill-in those cell-shaded boobies, because writing for you rats certainly hasn't kept my lawyers fed.

What happened to love? What happened to art? Of course I'm not real, Archie. Maybe *I will* stop by Trout Lake. Maybe then I can finally be a real boy...

Deflated,
Airhead







SUNDAY

MONDAY

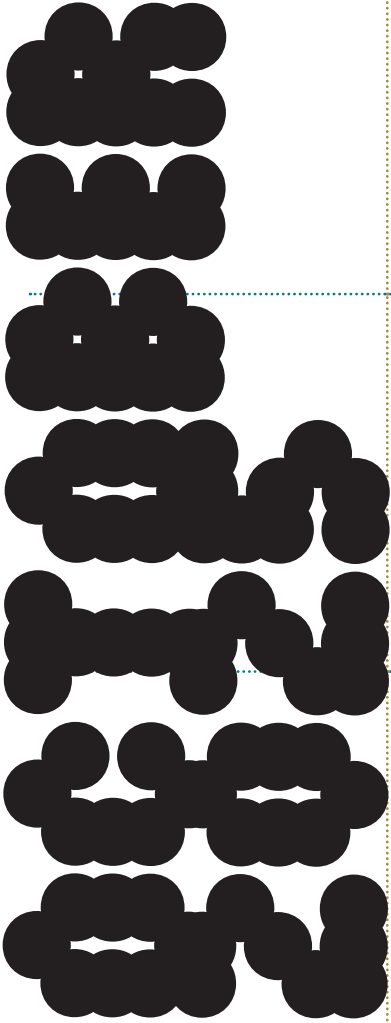
TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

SATURDAY



05	06	07	08	09	10	11	03	04
· FLYTE @ THE PEARL	· WOLF ALICE @ COMMODORE BALLROOM · DERMOT KENNEDY @ THE ORPHEUM	· NATION OF LANGUGAGE/WESTERMAN @ THE PEARL · BAMBARA/MALICE K @ FOX CABARET	· DOOM LOOPS/?NUMB?DAME?/TALL MARY/GØØ @ GREEN AUTO · ARC SHOWCASE @ ANZA CLUB · BEACH VACATION/PORCH KISS/BLUE RIVERA @ FOX CABARET · DIE SPITZ/FLOWERS FOR THE DEAD @ WISE HALL	· LET'S GO GIRLS! VOL.2 W/ CHAYA HARVEY @ GREEN AUTO · COVET @ THE PEARL · SUNDRESS/THE LUNCHTIME BAND/PINCH @ THE MEZZANINE · BREHDREN/LEO NICKLE @ THE PRINCETON · BY A THREAD/FILIGREE SILVER GOD / AVERSIONS / SUPERCrush @ RED GATE	· NIGHT COURT/TRANZMITORS @ GREEN AUTO · INTRO TO BOOKMAKING @ SLICE OF LIFE · WØ1E/SLINGJAW/TALL BRAIN/TAXA @ TAKE YOUR TIME BACK · WOMBO/RIBBON SKIRT @ THE COBALT			
12	13	14	15	16	17	18		
· O.C.O.D./SECONDS FLAT/MAKE IT RIGHT @ RED GATE · BOYS NIGHT OUT / MEST / ROSECOLOREDWORLD @ FOX CABARET · THE BETA BAND @ COMMODORE BALLROOM			· BLUES JAM @ ANZA CLUB · TY SEGALL/GADFLY @ RICKSHAW · LANKUM/MARTISA ANDERSON @ VOGUE · GABBY BRYAN @ BILTMORE	· VALLEY PORN PEOPLE/CHECKED OUT/WORRYWART/GOOD FOR IT @ GREEN AUTO · GOOD THINGS: AN EVENING WITH SAMIN NOSRAT @ CHAN CENTRE · CALLING ALL CAPTAINS/CHIEF STATE/VIOLET NIGHT/CLOUD SICK @ COBALT	· MANEATER/SLOWICIDE/SEMI @ GREEN AUTO · KIDS ON FIRE/CURSED WORDS/AAN-THEMS/THE C U NEXT TUESDAYS @ RED GATE · STEREO LAB/BITCHIN' BAJAS @ VOGUE	· JAY FEST W/ DEVOURS/BUDDIE/YAWN/BIG RIG/XSTARLINGX @ GREEN AUTO · SCATTERBOX/TERMINAL CITY RATS/THE DILLRODS @ LANA LOU'S · THE DISORDERLIES/DEAD RIGHTS/THE BOBBY'S/LORDS OF APATHY @ ASTORIA		
19	20	21	22	23	24	25		
	· TERROR/COMBUST/TRENCH @ THE PEARL · CIORCAL COMHRA (IRISH LANGUAGE CONVERSATION GROUP) @ TREES, JOYCE-COLLINGWOOD	· GUILLERMO DEL TORO'S FRANKENSTEIN 35MM @ VIFF CENTRE · VIDEO GAME TRIVIA @ ANZA CLUB	· BRICKNASTY/KNEECAP @ VOGUE	· PISSED JEANS/WAIT/LESS/GADLFY @ THE PEARL	· YUKON BLONDE @ GREEN AUTO · CHAMPION OF HOPE DTES WOMEN'S CENTRE FUNDRAISER @ THE MEZZANINE	· YUKON BLONDE @ GREEN AUTO · GEESE @ HOLLYWOOD THEATRE		
26	27	28	29	30	31			
· MAKING SALVE + INVASIVE TEA @ SLICE OF LIFE · DESTROYER/JENNIFER CASTLE @ VOGUE	· SIMPSONS TRIVIA @ ANZA CLUB		· GWAR @ VOGUE	· PLAY YOUR CARDS RIGHT STREET DANCE BATTLE (1V1) @ SURREY ARTS CENTER	· EMPANADAS ILEGALES/DEVOURS/CHOP-PING SPREE @ THE PEARL · MARWAN KHOURY & THE CANADIAN AR-ABIC ORHESTRA @ CHAN CENTRE · HALLOWEEN AT TAKE YOUR TIME BACK W/SWEET QUEENS OF CHAOS/MOOSHY FACE/LIKE WHATEVER @ TYTB			

artwork by Sophia Funk

SUNDAYMONDAYTUESDAYWEDNESDAYTHURSDAYFRIDAYSATURDAY

SHINDIG 2025

02	03	04	05	06	07	08
· POETRY & ZINE WORKSHOP @ SLICE OF LIFE · WATER FROM YOUR EYES @ BILTMORE · 4BATZ @ VOGUE · WEAK KNEES/?NUMB?DAME?/SUNDRESS @ GREEN AUTO		· BY DIVINE RIGHT/UPTIGHTS/GLOBAL FAKE @ GREEN AUTO · SIR CHLOE @ THE PEARL · POISON GIRLFRIEND @ RICKSHAW · MARGO PRICE @ HOLLYWOOD THEATRE	· L'ECLAIR @ FOX CABARET · PIXEL GRIP @ THE PEARL · WHITNEY K/TONK/BIG CITY @ GREEN AUTO		· EMMETT JEROME/RUNNER/DAMSON FORSEY/MERCY WALKER @ GREEN AUTO · FREE FIRST FRIDAY NIGHT @ VANCOUVER ART GALLERY · TOY TIGER/SHAME BANGER/NOBODY/KIDZ HELP FONE @ RED GATE · ALGERNON CADWALLADER @ RICKSHAW	· INTERMEDIATE BOOK WORKSHOPS @ SLICE OF LIFE · BRIGIIDE CHAIMEUL @ KW STUDIOS · THEY ARE GUTTING A BODY OF WATER/TONER/SUN ORGAN @ RICKSHAW · GUILT/SACRAMENT/SWORD OF DAMOCLES/THE HAUNTING PARTY @ RED GATE
09	10	SHINDIG 2025 SHINDIG QUALIFIER NIGHT #1	12	13	14	15
			· LADY WRAY/THE SEXTONES @ THE PEARL · BAR ITALIA @ HOLLYWOOD THEATRE	· NARDUAR'S VIDEO VAULT @ HOLLYWOOD THEATRE · PISS/EMMA GOLDMAN/CHERRY PICK/PERRA/SUNDRESS @ RICKSHAW · AUTOHEART/SHAYFER JAMES @ THE PEARL	· AVSANABEE @ THE PEARL · HANNAH BAHNG @ VOGUE · MEXICAN SLUM RATS/LOVE LETTER/COMPUTER @ GREEN AUTO · SILENT MASS/BLOOM EFFECT @ GREEN AUTO	· POLTERGEIST/DEAD CELLS/RINGFINGER @ ASTORIA
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
· OMEGA MIGHTY @ WISE HALL · THE BEITHS @ COMMODORE	· XAVIERSOBASED @ HOLLYWOOD THEATRE · THRICE/MODERN COLOR/DOWNWARD @ COMMODORE	SHINDIG QUALIFIER NIGHT #2 · VIDEO GAME TRIVIA @ ANZA CLUB · AGRICULTURE/RHODODENDRON @ FOX CABARET · THE DARKNESS @ COMMODORE			· CORBIN @ HOLLYWOOD THEATRE · MOOSHY FACE/REBEL PRIEST/DIE JOB/LIKE WHATEVER/HAIRY CHERRIES @ COBALT · REAL MCKENZIES/RAYGUN COWBOYS/PLANET SMASHERS @ RICKSHAW	· BRASSER/COP SHUVIT/EARMARKED/DANNYBOY @ BULLY'S STUDIOS · SBYL/DUAL NATURE/SLEEP COUNTRY/SLOWICIDE @ GREEN AUTO
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	· PUP/SNOTTY NOSE REZ KIDS @ THE PEARL (ALL-AGES)	SHINDIG QUALIFIER NIGHT #3 · MAUVEY @ THE PEARL · THE DIRTY NIL @ BILTMORE · SESIONES DE ESCUCHA @ CLINTON PARK FIELDHOUSE		· MARK WILLIAM LEWIS @ FOX CABARET · PRIMITIVE MAN/OTAY:ONII/GUILTLESS @ ASTORIA		· AFRICAN DANCE @ ANZA CLUB
30						



artwork by
GRAY PARSONS



FILTH IN DEVOTION

On Amber Dawn's *Buzzkill Clamshell*

words by Cary Kirby
illustrations by Meghan Lok

My lover is a necrotroph. How sweetly she eats my bloat.” With this line carrying weight early in *Buzzkill Clamshell* (Arsenal Pulp Press, 2025) Amber Dawn wastes no time introducing the reader to her world: a hellacious landscape where the erotic is inseparable from the grotesque. If poetry is the closest thing to thought, then Dawn’s inner world is replete with disco lights, saliva, erotic monsters and mythic lesbians. The terrain she claims in this book is a world of extreme opposites; filth and devotion. Grotesque and tender.

Dawn is a familiar name in ‘Vancouver’s’ literary scene, her voice resonating across novels (*Sub Rosa*, *Sodom Road Exit*) memoir, and poetry (*My Art Is Killing Me and Other Poems*.) Her threads are pulled from queer bars, sex work and along the edges of trauma theory. *Buzzkill Clamshell* doubles down on these themes but refracts them through chronic pain and complex PTSD. The result is something like a horror-drag revue where the MC is your inflamed pelvic floor and the headliner is a horny selkie in a blood-soaked slip dress.

The book’s table of contents reads like a midnight movie marathon: “PINHEAD,” “SKEKSIS,” “XENOMORPH.” Elsewhere, Dawn rewrites fairy tales and myths: selkies and swan maidens. What unites these figures is their capacity to embody both allure and terror. Though the central preoccupation of *Buzzkill Clamshell* is how to live inside an unreliable body, poems like “The Erotics of Chronic Pain” and “Bedrest” refuse the sanitized language of medical pamphlets. Instead, they plunge into a lexicon of necrotroph lovers and soot-coated orgasms. Pain, here, isn’t hidden behind euphemism. It’s paraded, it’s offered up raw — sometimes even celebrated. Where *Buzzkill Clamshell* shines is when it utilizes sickness and desire as something with which to fill a void. It doesn’t offer this like a salve — for there are no quick cures — but in its tenderness it makes room for ugly emotions. Not wellness, realness.

Horror has long been a queer playground. From the coded lesbian vampires of *Carmilla* to *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*, showing cheek to monstrosities often provides queer figures with space to exist outside heteronormative demands. *Buzzkill Clamshell* leans into this tradition with

gusto. Pain itself becomes a slasher villain, reappearing in different guises but never killed off. Lovers morph into beasts or surgeons. The body is both stage and battleground. In “Cunnus Renatus” — reader you can see where this is going — her “cunt becomes a painstaking five-petalled flower made of hair / a Victorian mourning brooch, memento mori, enamelled gold frame rimmed in pearls.” Reading these poems, one is forced to understand horror not as escape but as confrontation — what Anna Swanson calls, in her blurb for the book, “perverse medicine.” Yes. Finally.

One could map Dawn’s collection against a whole constellation of cultural artifacts: Audre Lorde’s erotics, Kathy Acker’s punk textuality, the mythic grotesque of Marina Warner, Legacy Russel’s *Glitch Feminism*. This is what the uninitiated might unfairly call ‘shock art.’ And it is to some degree true. My favorite works have always made my jaw drop, though not due to shock but awe; you can say that? You can do that? In work that deals in the grotesque, the feeling of unease is often a blade’s edge away from something familiar. Sculptor Patricia Piccinini, whose 2002 work *The Young Family* made its way through the decontextualizing machine of social media, confused and repulsed viewers by straddling this line. The sculpture — neatly composed of silicone and human hair — depicted a near-humanoid pig, fatigued, lying on its side while breastfeeding. The shock of this image caused tension surrounding bioethics and animal welfare because of its proximity to the human form. Because it evoked both repulsion and tenderness.

This is how the ‘contemporary grotesque’ works best, when it is interested in underlining the way our bodies are not clinical, how they differ from the norm, or that, in deviating from these impossible standards, they are treated as aberrant or monstrous. In a culture that demands illness be narrated as either tragic burden or inspirational fodder, some of the most satisfying artworks are the intentionally lurid ones. In Dawn’s work, it is clear she’s writing against the medical demand for sanitization, against the cultural demand for composure. The excess is the politics.

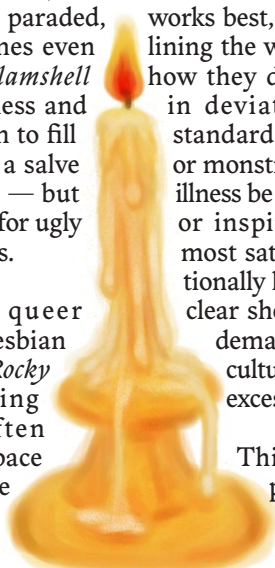
This isn’t entirely new in queer poetics either. Eli Tareq El Bechelany-Lynch’s *knot body* or Leah Lakshmi

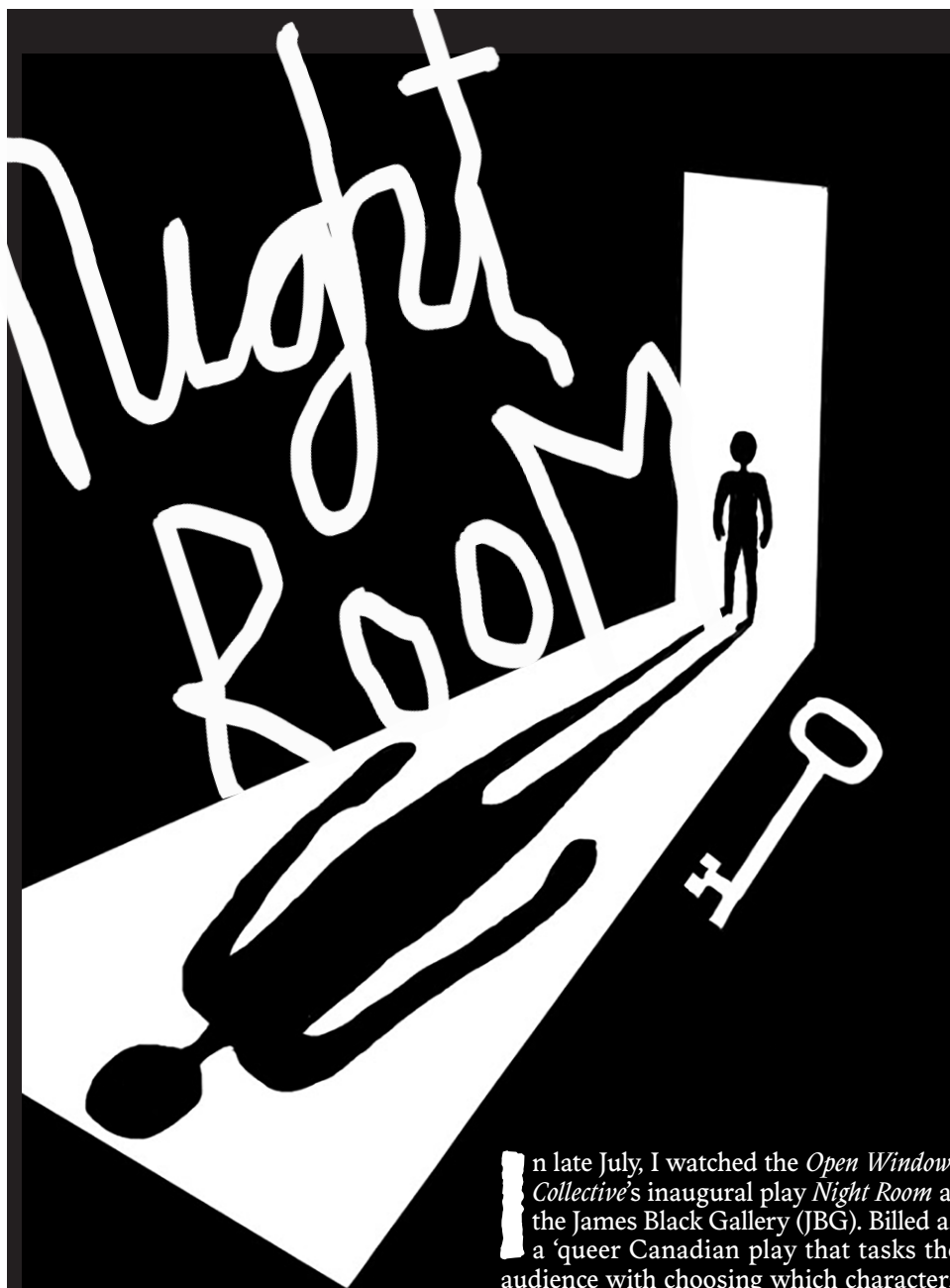
Piepzna-Samarasinha’s *Care Work* have carved similar paths, insisting that disabled and chronically ill bodies are sites of knowledge, not shame. Though Dawn’s approach to the grotesque draws on horror tropes and camp aesthetics to eroticize what is usually deemed abject. Reading her, one hears an echo of Susan Sontag’s *Illness as Metaphor*, but rewritten through Clive Barker: if cancer or chronic pain are figures, they’re figures with fangs and strap-ons. Though, this is what is perhaps the most confusing part of *Buzzkill Clamshell*: its tone. It often reaches for theatrics and camp, but camp’s taste for aestheticization and artifice doesn’t fit with the collection’s quieter, more substantive themes. Consider the colloquially titled, “Woe To The Max,” which collapses trauma theory into: *The Breakfast Club*, *Beavis and Butthead*, mermaids, kraft paper, *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*, sequins and cervical cysts. This bluntforce sprawl of allusions dilutes the heart of the poem rather than clarifies it. Cultural motifs are always a risk, they can come across gimmicky rather than strong, meaningful elements. They can dilute an idea, they can feel outdated. And I will admit: many of Dawn’s references are not suited for me, but my hesitation lies less in personal taste and more in how these references function; often trivializing the tone, turning the grit into something, ironically, palatable. Whereas humour that surprises, that reframes, is of the medicinal sort.

Excess is difficult. If austere poetry risks becoming background noise — beautiful but interchangeable — *Buzzkill Clamshell* instead insists on being unforgettable. It’s loud, grotesque, sexy, sad, and unnervingly holy. Still, excess can occasionally dull the knife, and this is the collection’s weakest impulse. Some of the poems are overstuffed and almost unbearably sexualized. There is no true erotics without restraint — how can desire exist without absence? Sexuality in *Buzzkill Clamshell* is both a well-sharpened tool (in the potency of a well-placed libidinous word) but it’s also a bludgeoning device. Too much of a good thing risks trivializing it, and there were many poems in the collection that didn’t need sex to be provocative. They were good enough already.

A common problem in erotic writing lies in its inadvertent reinforcement of familiar tropes. *Buzzkill Clamshell*’s erotics sometime favor titillation over all else, which I find sanitizes the confrontational and liberating power it might otherwise hold. The abject is a site for renewal, and in the right poet’s hands, it can crumble mainstream sexual narratives. When flirtation isn’t the goal, the poems change, and this is what keeps the collection from collapsing. When Dawn turns out a deliciously base line, it lands, convulsing, and dethrones the established order of ‘beautiful poetry.’

Beneath the screaming imagery, there lies a connecting hum of devotion. Devotion not in the pious sense, but as a form of staying-with, of refusing to abandon the painful body or the difficult lover. Like in “Hostile Architecture,” a piece which doesn’t aim to shock or titillate, but rather weaves those impulses into the language so deeply it leaves you feeling slightly unbalanced, as if something secret has moved through you. Or in “XENOMORPH” where the language skulks around like, “Indescribable taxonomy / a brutal liver fluke / opium asp / bone eel dashing the corners / Sickness will hide / until fully grown.” It’s one of the rare places in *Buzzkill Clamshell* where erotics don’t feel obvious, but defamiliarized and subversive. The poem’s focus on visceral, bodily language (“pelvic girdle,” “acid afterbirth,” “piston-tongued”) maintains a raw physicality, both grotesque and familiar. Familiar also, because of its participation in the *Alien* canon, though this time landing a little closer to the line that delivers discomfort best: that which is alien, that which is familiar. Like horror, pain isn’t just affliction but also ignition — something that lights other things on fire. And if you’re persistent, things on fire are easy to reshape. ☺





WORDS BY
MICHAEL
YAP
ILLUSTRATIONS BY
ZOE GELLER
-ALFORD

In late July, I watched the *Open Windows Collective's* inaugural play *Night Room* at the James Black Gallery (JBG). Billed as a 'queer Canadian play that tasks the audience with choosing which characters live and die,' it is set in a post-apocalyptic Ontario and follows Cynthia and David, played by Jasmine Provins and Ernest Arfan, who have been taken captive by an enemy faction, and follows their attempt to understand what happened to themselves and each other through the fragmented stories they tell, ultimately culminating in the audience voting for who lives and dies. I attended the play twice, first with friends, and a second time alone to get a better feel for the performance and the material.

The play begins with two unconscious characters on opposite ends of a room, awakening as an unseen voice calls out to them, addressing Cynthia incorrectly as 'Nadine'. The voice tells us that at the end, one of them will ultimately die, and the 45 minutes which follow have the two characters attempting to uncover the mystery behind their capture, Cynthia's true identity, and trying to avoid impending doom.

To begin, they could not have chosen a better location to perform in. In an interview with *Trashcan Media*, Provins mentioned that performing *Night Room* in a DIY space allowed them a greater degree of intimacy with the cast and crew, which helped them be more confrontational with their work. This couldn't be more accurate — as the JBG's aged and worn-down quality lends itself well to *Night Room's* post-apocalyptic setting and its layout further adds to the sense of mystery, as in certain moments the audience is only capable of seeing one of the two actors. As a result, we feel the same suspicion and unease as the characters and begin to ask ourselves the same questions as them. 'Who really is Nadine?', 'How were

they captured?', 'How do they know each other?', and 'Which one of you is more deserving of death?'

The degree of intimacy shared by the cast and crew also spreads to the audience as a byproduct of the venue. The room where the play is performed places the audience on opposite ends of the room, forcing the actors to be surveilled from every possible angle — sometimes placing one so close to the actors we could reach out and touch them. It creates a voyeuristic feeling, as we are given such a close look at their distress, while also being given the keys to their fate through the end vote; effectively placing the audience in the role of spectator and captor.

However, while the play's opening 10 minutes are strong, the remainder of the play struggles to maintain its initial intrigue and suspense. To properly offer my critique, I will need to give away some plot elements, as much of the blame behind the production's weaknesses can be leveled at its structure. Roughly 10 minutes in, we are given the following information about Cynthia and David; First, Nadine was once a part of the enemy faction which now holds them captive, but fled the group due to moral

conflicts regarding the group's actions and assumed the name Cynthia. Second, Nadine currently takes on a high-ranking leadership position in their new group while David holds a low — but still important — role of finding food. Third, while David appears good-hearted, he also



possesses a dark and violent edge to him, one which terrifies his partner Lewis. From then on, we experience a tonal shift as the story becomes much more somber

and reflective, with the characters sharing personal stories and experiences from their past before the audience makes their vote.

My first criticism lies with the performances.



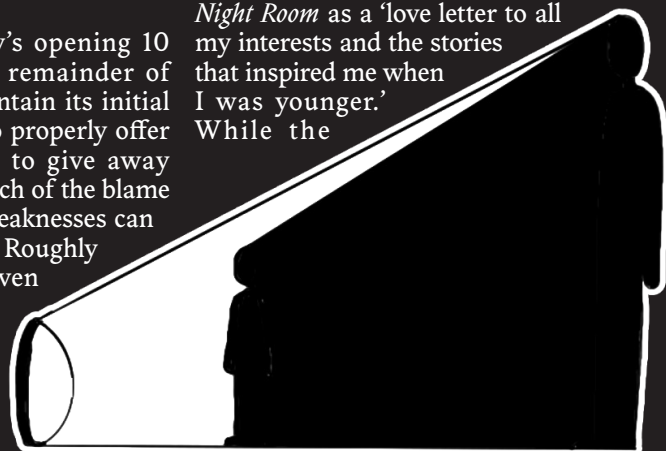
While I understand that this is *Open Windows'* first performance, and that Provins has less experience acting than her counterpart, I couldn't help but feel that the performances had the tendency to feel either wooden or forced. This was particularly the case with Provins as her attempts to convey feelings of high stress and anxiety often came off as overly exaggerated.

I also felt Arfan's performance suffered from inconsistencies. The character was meant to be suffering from a broken rib, but it was often played like a mild inconvenience that was remedied by grabbing his side or sitting down. Furthermore, his attempts to come off as terrifying and intense were hit or miss.

At times, he was truly capable of being an imposing force as he used his larger frame and powerful voice to loom over the much smaller Cynthia. But at times these attempts came off as petulant, almost like a little boy raising his voice to get his way. I mention these challenges because they ultimately detract from the emotional stakes of the piece, and in a story that hinges so heavily on tension, fear, and psychological manipulation, the believability of the performances is crucial.

However, I felt the reason behind the play's inconsistencies was less so because of the actors, but more so because of the story's structure. Provins described *Night Room* as a 'love letter to all my interests and the stories that inspired me when I was younger.'

While the



concept is incredibly promising, it feels at times like it doesn't quite know what it wants to be. It cannot be a gripping mystery because it front-loads the exposition and immediately resolves the mystery behind Cynthia so early into the play. The tension is killed from then on, and the audience is left to sit with the characters for the remaining half-hour before our vote. The play also cannot fully be an interactive story because it resolves the mystery so early and limits the audience's involvement to just the final vote. Therefore, the interactive component doesn't feel relevant or engaging enough to make it work and can come off as gimmicky.

Finally, if they intended for the play to be a character study, the writing would have needed to be a lot tighter to succeed and keep the play interesting. This was especially felt during the characters' long monologues where the story really began to drag. It is because of this that I cannot fully blame the actors for their inconsistency as they were handed the incredibly difficult task of making the story feel gripping and engaging while having to work with the script's lack of narrative focus and meandering dialogue.

In conclusion, I am very excited to see what the *Open Windows Collective* does next because they ultimately show great promise in their ideas. However, the ambitious nature of their project was somewhat limited by its short runtime and moments where the narrative lacked concision and focus. That said, these feel like early-stage growing pains, and I'm confident that as they continue to refine their creative process and develop their ideas, they will improve upon these elements and deliver much more consistent and cohesive work in the future. ©



The most un-delicious food you can eat is mediated food. You shipped this dinner from Ontario via airmail. You unboxed each ingredient from its little sarcophagus, teaspoon by tablespoon, ignoring the cardstock instructions. You are eating it on the floor with a salad dressing you generated using GPT-5. Eating without your phone is undesirable now, so you proceed without the gustation, olfaction, and topo-oral somatosensation of the meal itself, and focus on the colours and textures presented to you. It helps the time go by without thoughts or feelings, without realizing that something is deeply, deeply wrong. After all, god made food and the devil made the cooks (deviled egg?).

PICNIC FOR A N(N)ERVOUS SYSTEM

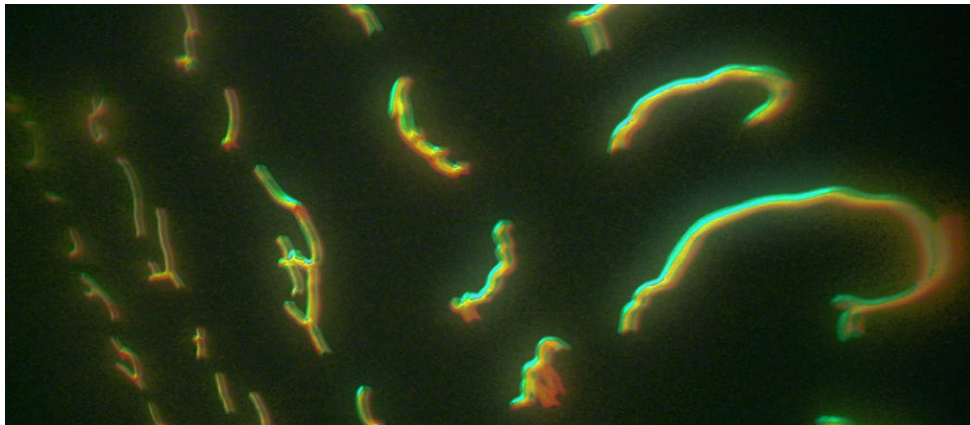
WORDS BY JULIE SHOEMAKER | PHOTOS BY MIKA KAO

There is a rhetoric to what we eat and how. Before it was known as “patio season” or “dining al fresco” eating outside was the only choice afforded to us. Abundance and arbitrary consumer choices are so normalized, it’s easy for some of us to forget what it’s like to eat for survival. Face-to-face with your environment, undertaking gathering and cooking alongside the eating carries with it the inherent “rootedness” in one’s environment — which was once so implicit, but has been continually stripped away from modern life. In their study “Eating with our eyes”, Spence et al. examine the effects of online food culture and westernized diets primarily composed of pre-prepared and processed foods. They suggest that these lifestyle changes could be the culprit behind the unhealthy drive to consume “hyper-real” food content made to be seen, not tasted: dubiously quick casseroles, beef-orifices oozing cheese, matcha in your meatloaf. We are longing for sensory feedback we lost when we erased ritual cultivation and preparation from our lives. Eating isn’t the only part of modern life which has become unmoored from embodied experience. I know you feel it — this invisible slippage into the digital. And if reflection and reconnection means buying a rotisserie chicken from Walmart and eating it with your hands over the sink in silence, then you must. I’m so serious, this is all that we have.

In *Picnic For a N(n)ervous System*, artists Von Coffin and Warren Neidich explore formal “re-platings” of color, material and sign in the hope of accomplishing the aim of all great cooks: nourishing their visitors while bringing them closer to themselves and their fellows. Each piece is an opportunity for sensory exploration and visual play, inviting the viewer to re-discover the bodily tools we use to construct the everyday.

The Beacon Hotel building is out of the sunbeam slackening over West Hastings street, but the interior of Gallery Gachet is comfortable. The sound of HVAC offers familiar womb-like serenity, blacked-out walls set the stage. Upon our arrival, the attendant — smartly dressed in pleated slacks and a racing cap — wordlessly stoops to plug LED light strips into outlets in the baseboard before returning to his desk beside the kitchenette behind the gallery. He won’t meet my eye. I wonder how long

the artworks have laid dormant, how many reanimations he has performed today. Turning right, I notice he forgot something. I reach out and flip a toggle at the base of Neidich’s treelike fixture of wires and walking sticks, and “I Like Germany and Germany Likes Me” flicks on like an “open” sign. I exchange a look with my girlfriend. This wall-mounted sculpture demonstrates Niednich’s penchant for intertext by echoing the earlier ‘social sculptures’ of Joseph Beuys. In the opposite corner, the foam-and-forage “Sandwich Snake” emerges from behind a pillar, a submarine sandwich serpent, full of classic deli ingredients which have been materially abstracted. The placement is so striking, obscuring and extending the sculpture’s length, it feels as though the room was constructed by Gachet as a fitting den for the beast. I feel a pang of instinctual attachment to this creature. It uses the sandwich’s universal carbo-comfort to its grim advantage. I want to learn the forbidden knowledge it holds behind its



sinister black and green olive-eyes. At the room’s center, surrounded by LED light, “Double Phantom Limb Mirror Box” invites interaction through an acrylic handprint which invites the viewer to place their hands inside, where a slanted mirror reflects the left hand into the position of the right. The result is the effect demonstrated in the famous ‘rubber arm experiment,’ where the viewer’s brain is tricked into perceiving the reflection of their left hand as their right hand, inviting an uncannily pleasant decoupling of the visual and physical senses. The piece reproduces Foucault’s notion of the “heterotopia,” a polarizing “world within a world” that carries concurrent symbolic and

literal meanings, disrupting broader societal space. As the viewer interacts with the box, they are embodying the discovery and reflection the exhibition seeks to inspire.

Like Spence et al. said, it’s no coincidence that the mouth and the brain are closely situated. Visitors feel this connection through curator Sol Hashemi’s layout (menu?) which places Neidich’s cognitive works in the front room, followed by Von Coffin’s culinary works toward the back. The enigmatic “Case” reorients the colours and textures of childhood into an array of PVC prisms contained in an articulated walnut box. The forms are all rigid, right-angled, uncanny, and yet, Von Coffin succeeds in the transmutation of delight from one sense to another. This casket-like object reveals multiple meanings, equally alluring. A final resting place simultaneously so square and soft re-humanizes the genomes we all carry in our DNA and implies death followed by rebirth. But at the same time, I can’t resist the confectionery reading. It has the appeal of a heart-shaped box of chocolates bought half-off on the 15th. The candy-coated plastic blocks attack my subconscious desires and I barely restrain myself from running the pads of my fingers across the smooth, soft forms. Their faded edges suggest that I wouldn’t have been the first.

The final work visitors see is the exhibition’s literal and figurative ‘big picture’. “Night Picnic III” is composed of two canvases dressed with acrylic, ink and chalk. Abstracted food, drink, and tableware merge with ghostly and skeletal forms, some of otherworldly hues, some peeking out through layers of camouflaging overpaint. This “flattening” effect is further emphasized by the checkered pattern which extends off the canvas into infinity, implying a mathematical graph-space for the picnic trappings to rest upon. Coffin’s playful morbidity calls attention to the colonial origins of western “picnic culture”, complicating the tendency of the aristocracy to invade outdoor space with grandiose luncheons made possible by hired labour. However, the artists’ intentions for the modern picnic enthusiast are more uplifting. The panels are displayed off their stretchers, interrupted, so that picnic-goers can take the whole affair up in their baskets and plonk it down again, in a different place, at a different time. The artists encourage their viewers to incorporate this practice of playful discovery into their everyday lives. As electronic work, mediated work, swallows more and more of our days, the more our senses are amputated (filleted?), the easier it gets to cave in, to take short-cuts disguised as optimizations. The only way out of this negative feedback loop is to be more mindful of our senses, to practice with a sincerity we have come to find repulsive.

Rarely do we eat without ulterior motives anymore. You don’t want boiled chicken and broccoli every night. You want to feel good. You picked something simple, but dinner took twice as long because people are arriving, embracing, jostling for refills. You don’t sit down to eat until after 9 o’clock, but no one minds. You never thought you would be the type to get into this sort of thing, but it’s nice to pull everyone towards you. You want your guests to like you, you want them to come back. And they will. They are laughing, flushed from a mixture of ethanol and aldehyde dehydrogenase. You watch your spoon slowly hydroplane across a pool of creme anglaise. You feel warm. ☺

Under Review



Tall Mary

When Will I Find Something New

SELF-RELEASED | MAY 3, 2024

I submitted this review late. I'm not proud to say it. I can tell you honestly though that it was not my fault – it was Tall Mary's. From the moment I hit play on their

2024 album *When Will I Find Something New*, I was gone. Dragged by my ears into someplace otherworldly – yet frighteningly familiar. The things I usually spend my night screaming into my pillow, were now being groaned and screamed back to me, reverberating in my head, in glorious noise.

When Will I Find Something New is the debut self-released 2LP from Vancouver "mystical noise punk" group Tall Mary. It is also lead singer, and writer Cole Klassen's MFA Thesis Project. Despite the relative newness of this all, it's unsurprising Tall Mary is an act quickly becoming a prominent name within the most recent wave of punk, noise and industrial music coming out of Vancouver.

Centered on "being seen as a trans or gnc person in our brutal society," *When Will I Find Something New* is a spiraling uncontrollable journey inward, into something dizzying/unknown/beautifully terrifying – into a groaning, screaming, careening narrative of trans subjectivity.

Musical expressions of trans subjectivity are often constrained by what we can express safely, while under the gaze of an often cruel cis-heteronormative society. There isn't much room permitted for anything other than the two acceptable narratives: expressions of pride and joy, or sadness and fear. Tall Mary has carved out something different. Something brutally honest, and loud. Fear and hope intertwine, the things we do to find safety also carry complex implications for our visions of self, the things we do to more clearly see ourselves carry implications for our safety. Tall Mary perfectly captures the feeling of grasping for the "wrong" that "you want so dearly" – grasping for and leaning into the "other" that transness inevitably means whether we want it to or not.

"We Scream We Scream
I want to transform
I have to transform.

By the time we can be free
By the time we can be free
We're so worn out
Worn out
We have to transform." (Saturday Boy)

The musicality of the album parallels the narrative. It thrusts us forward through something discomfoting but beautiful; primarily defined by its noise, reverberating and distorted guitar, thrusting bass, and heavy, poetic lyricism. The album's production creates distortion and disorientation without letting us get lost – the music persists, the poetry persists, the meaning persists.

It might be that the thing that keeps the listener tethered is the play and creative lucidity that permeate the album's production and sound. With grace, *When Will I Find Something New* fucks with what's comfortable both sonically and thematically. "Tower Becomes Well" is a perfect example of this play. The use of the muting, stretching, reverb, noise, repetition and distortion achieves something somehow simultaneously comforting, and disorienting. It feels (sounds?) like the gentle sway of a sinking ship. I don't know how else to describe it.

Cole's voice is still, quite literally, echoing in my ears as I write this. My thoughts and her lyrics intermingle. There is simplicity and clarity to the lyricism across the album, without any depth of meaning lost. Something that can be hard for cis people to fully grasp is the exact way in which the move into trans subjectivity can be painful. The pain isn't from the experience of trans-ness but from what a visible trans experience can bring: a threat of danger, the unwanted (dissecting) gaze of the stranger, the demand to be cis-legible. In many ways stepping into trans subjectivity means accepting that pain, embracing the excitement of the unknown, and willfully taking it all on in the hope that the beauty of being will outshine it – that there will be/come freedom. Cole expresses this with raw clarity. By way of a pared down, poetic delivery Cole's words act as a guide through the sonic landscape of the album. Tall Mary yells my own thoughts back to me in a way that, oddly, helps me see them better.

"I am ready to get punished by a world that is totally new
A light blue world, it's gonna hurt – But I'm excited." (Light Blue) – OISÍN GUNNING



DANI YOUR DARLING

The Clock Ticks (Single)

SELF-RELEASED | MARCH 7, 2025

Ambient laughter introduces the 'band practice recordings' of *The Clock Ticks*, and the song becomes quickly enveloped by DANI YOUR DARLING's beautiful lyric vocals. The

track is charming, and a perfect dissection of the complex inner workings of the piece. It is intentionally fluid through shifting metres, each emphasis on sound, or instrumentation requires the listener to be fully in tune with themselves as well as the environment around them.

This 3 track bandcamp release outlines a brilliant journey – the song experiments with the beginnings of a foggy guitar, and resolves itself with a loud finale of intense uncertainty. While the genres of indie or shoegaze closely follow this sound, these demos I cannot fully categorize – the complexities of each guitar string waltzing against Dani Beyene's poetic vocal rush.

The Clock Ticks perfectly inhabits a never-ending obsession with time passing in contrast with personal loss, situating oneself in a feeling expressed as – "I wish I could think clearly / I tell you sincerely that I've tried / but the day makes me miserable/ and the voices demean / what once was an interest turns agonizing." On the other hand, the lyrics can also be vivid descriptions of various personal struggles relating to the theory of time as structural; a social construct encouraging further intersectional inquiry. "I'm listening to every sound in the background/ that drowns my thoughts out / and distracts me." An openness to the interpretation of 'melancholic time' as a constant relationship between people, places, things, and everything in-between, requires specific poetic observation which Beyene gracefully embodies.

Naturally, the progressions of each track invites peaceful resolutions. The selected studio track will become a curated recording – not only a refined translation, but also by directing feeling within its framework. And there is an overwhelming harmonic satisfaction of spiritual fucking between voice and music, which never employs artistic hierarchy.

DANI YOUR DARLING continues inter-disciplinary work within Vancouver through community-led initiatives, organizing,

curation, photography, and music. Their bandcamp houses other works like Social Butterfly as well as Godspeed. And I am certainly excited to see what the future holds for such a vibrant artist. -OLIVIA DAVIS



Kayas

By The Moon And The Stars

SELF-RELEASED | AUGUST 2, 2024



Kayas' *By the Moon and the Stars* does not play like a collection of songs but like an environment in which one is placed. It is a record that refuses to unfold in the neat succession of beginnings and endings; instead, it immerses the listener in something already underway, a storm system of sound that surges, recedes, and transforms. To listen is less to consume music than to be carried by forces larger than oneself - cycles of weather, seasons, tides, and constellations.

From the outset, the album establishes its scale. The sound is vast, cinematic, and elemental. Riffs don't merely drive forward but rise and collapse like waves pulled by lunar gravity. Drums roll and break with the precision of tectonic shifts. Melodies surface faintly, like glimmers of light struggling through heavy clouds, refusing to be extinguished. The effect is immersive as one does not stand outside the music but "inside" it, subjected to its atmospheres as one would be to their environment.

What defines the record is its grammar of tension – weight and lift, force and fragility, eruption and withdrawal. There are moments where the music surges with tidal inevitability, overwhelming in scale, and others where it halts into austere stillness, stripped bare to the point of suffocation. This movement between extremes becomes the album's pulse: not a linear progression but a cycle of expansion and contraction, storm and stillness, like the breathing of a night sky.

The natural world anchors much of the album's imagery and effect. Its songs conjure storms, winters, seas, and forests not as metaphors but as environments rendered sonically. Yet these environments are never purely earthly. They are threaded with an airy dimension, as if every wave or gust or fragment of ice is bound to harmonious rhythms. The record's title, *"By the Moon and the Stars,"* signals this duality of the music rooted in the tangible weight of earth but always oriented toward the heavens, pulled by gravitational forces beyond sight.

This dual orientation – earthly and cosmic, immediate and eternal – gives the album its emotional depth. The music is heavy, but not merely aggressive; it carries a sense of vastness, of being caught within cycles that touch human perception. Its storms are not personal tempests, but elemental upheavals. Its moments of stillness do not soothe but expose the fragility of survival. Even the rare glimpses of melody or acoustic clarity feel less like respite than like reflection pools, places where the vastness momentarily turns inward, where one glimpses not only the moon overhead but one's own reflection in the water.

Taken together, the record charts a passage that feels mythic. It begins with eruption, carries the listener through tides, halts into frozen desolation, lurches into survival, descends into despair, and emerges into reflection before returning to the ground. Like the night itself, it darkens, fractures, quiets, and reveals stars. The music does not arrive at resolution but at transformation, leaving the listener altered, as if having traversed terrain both earthly and celestial.

The confidence in the album is striking. Many records sound like a band in search of their language; Kayas sound fluent from the start. They write with the assurance of a group already aware of its scope. Their music does not ask to be liked in fragments but demands immersion and full inhabitation. To listen casually is to miss the point. To listen fully is to endure weather systems, to feel the weight of seasons, and to be swept into cycles that exceed the self.

By the Moon and the Stars ultimately carves out a terrain of its own. It is not music that entertains so much as music that compels endurance, immersion, and reflection. It feels ancient and cosmic at once, like something unearthed rather than newly created. It is a debut that already reaches beyond itself, toward constellations, toward the vastness of time and tide.

Listening to it is to be reminded that music, at its most powerful, is not simply sound but environment; something that engulfs, reshapes, and lingers like weather, long after the storm has passed.—JESS LEE



Water Margin

Gleaming Cursed

SELF-RELEASED | MARCH 21, 2025



Vancouver music scenes come and go but Vancouver punk is here to stay; kept thriving by a passionate audience and a mix of new and veteran artists. It's frequently the birthplace of Vancouver's most exciting new releases, and Water Margin's *Gleaming Cursed* earns its hype. A frenetic blitz of emo, post-hardcore and head-spinning societal commentary, it's equally unsettling and unrelenting.

The band hits the ground running. The two lead guitars trade blows on the opener, their emo riffs colliding with the frenetic drum performance as the two vocalists, Geordon Gaskill-Cadwallader and Jean-Michel Lacombe, confront the endless grind of contemporary society: "Work hard, save money / Oh I can't / Hands on my shoulder just won't let me go." The band contrasts our self-preservation instincts with the reality of those suffering around us on the following "Tiger Ward". The lumbering bass and sprawling guitar gives the vocals a little extra room, and the handful of odd lyrics such as "Teeth line a wet mouth / Some will last and some will spoil" sound great with the sarcastic vocal delivery. "Bad Jazz" is a call to action, urging us to challenge our complacency and go "Straight through and overwhelm it / Eclipse and outstrip." It's a slower cut, the bass sounding especially good as its moody riffs give the track an anthemic darkness. It's a fantastic start to the record and the band does a great job balancing versatility in their approach without sacrificing momentum.

The lyrics are strange and offer guidance to their meaning as often as they obscure it. "Cryptogoth" conjures imagery of vampires draining the life force from their victims, and pairs it with allusions to religion and the protagonist's desire for death. The track excels by how dynamic it is, frequently shifting between erratic smatterings of guitar, dense choruses, and an explosive finish with some standout vocal moments. "Two Eggs" is even harder to parse ("noblesse oblige of a red-shaped-hell"), and offers a few curious lines that seem to grapple with society's inauthenticity ("in a war of words without weight / bittersweet victory"). This lyrical approach is what gives the album its depth beyond the fiery instrumentals, but it occasionally frustrates. On "Palisades" the stereo mix on the two guitars sounds great (kudos to Mariessa Mcleod for the stellar mixing work across the album) but leaves me scratching my head as to the song's angle on the digital age. Fortunately it's followed by a track that, in contrast, approaches its themes quite well: "Magi" alludes to an apocalyptic tension that spills out into everything, causing death and worldwide catastrophe. Even if the lyrics aren't direct, you can feel the intent through the aggression of the instrumentals; The guitars pummel the listener and bring you into the band's prophetic destruction. "Moon House" caps the album off with an anticapitalist warcry and the mix is especially heavy to compliment this. It dances between noodly interludes and a battle of guitar noise crashing against each other. This, paired with the previous song mentioned, helps conclude the album on a high note both instrumentally and lyrically.

What *Gleaming Cursed* brings to the table is density. The two vocalists take turns weaving tales of existential dread, as the guitars and drums jab at each other like warriors locked in eternal battle. I'm left exhilarated, fascinated, puzzled, but most importantly ravenous for whatever comes next for Water Margin.—LEXI FONTAINE



K!MMORTAL

sunniest of days
ODD DOLL | JUNE 11, 2025

Let me waste no time in saying that K!MMORTAL's *sunniest of days*, released in June of this year, is an indisputable beauty, far and away my favorite project I've had the

pleasure of reviewing on *Discorder's* behalf. The 500 words that follow will hardly be enough to explain why I love this album so, but the heart of the matter is *sunniest of days* reminds me of what I love most about hip-hop - that, to me, it's the genre of music closest to poetry. All lyricism is poetic in some way, but hip-hop's unique capacity for depth, density, and dexterity in its exploration of ideas makes it a potent genre in the hands of a worthy artist - and K!MMORTAL, Mjöltnir in hand, couldn't be more worthy.

In many ways, *sunniest of days'* eponymous opening track is the perfect establishing shot. A muted keyboard plays in the key of a foggy winter's dawn, and K!MMORTAL navigates it to the tempo of an obfuscated morning sun. That sunless atmosphere is key to this project's aesthetic, often implicitly but at times explicitly (e.g., the "brain been foggy but the sky's so clear" hook on "Strange Maze"). Even within such a stripped-back sound, K!MMORTAL squeezes a fantastic diversity of songs out of so few instruments. "I Just Wanna Know", for example, turns only a keyboard, trumpet, and a smattering of drums into a tightly woven tapestry - ten thousand threads of gray which the mind, like an optical illusion, perceives as a rainbow.

Lyrically, *sunniest of days* speaks chiefly to exhaustion and the search for dry land in a sea of unease, but every verse, hook, and feature (and as a sidenote, kudos to every feature here - they're all just as excellent as K!MMORTAL themselves!) pack their own unique approach to the topic. The chief departure from this theme is "Bones": the uniquely-heartbreaking sound of a brave face and warm embrace as you accompany a loved one through the worst night of their life. It is a tragically beautiful send-off to the EP, heavy on the heart and brutal on the soul that I hesitate to describe much further for fear of spoiling the experience - know, though, that Nimkish's refrain transitioning from "I will be the one" to "I was just the one" stands, for me, as one of the more tragic musical moments I've heard all year.

"Headspace" is an apt way of describing *sunniest of days* - at every turn, it seems intent on not just expressing a sound, but establishing a setting. *sunniest of days* is a place, not an album - the music, like a shuttle, is merely its means of taking you there and back. Without delving too deep into comparison, K!MMORTAL's work stands in-line with the styles of artists like Noname and Saba as a true equal - and anyone even distantly familiar with these names knows what an impossibly high praise that is. Please, I urge you, give *sunniest of days* the time of day - after all, it's only thirteen minutes long! -GABRIEL BELL



Kids With Knives

More Bad News
SELF-RELEASED | JANUARY 10, 2025

Somewhere along the spectrum of Good Kid to Modest Mouse, a band known as Kids With Knives crashed-landed and burned a hole into the ground with their raucous chords and melancholic lyrics. This event is also known as their latest EP, *More Bad News*. The album cover tells the whole story: four quirky rats to accompany four equally quirky and uniquely amusing songs. But beyond the images of these cigarette-smoking, sneakerheaded, cheese-nibbling friends, there's a Picasso-esque footprint in the background. A perfect metaphor for how introspective Kids With Knives can get, despite the shenanigans.

"Monkey Man" might as well be a parody of Welcome to the Jungle with how much raucous monkey noises are happening in the background. In all seriousness, the song is an absolute banger in the strangest way possible. Josie Steeves keeps the chaos sewn in with their rhythmic drumming - and there is something about Damon Sabbadin making monkey noises at the end of their matter-of-fact vocals that hypnotizes listeners into joining the cacophony. In fact, it's all about joining in! "Wake up, little monkey man / Put on your hat and learn how to dance." And if you're still too afraid to put on that hat with a silly goose feather, rest assured, "Everybody wants to hear your stories."

Now that the party in the trees is over and everything is finally grounded, it's the perfect time to throw some "Olive Tree" and "Casco Bay" reality your way. For the former, it's still unclear whether iambic pentameter loves or hates Kids With Knives, since this track sounds like an ode to decay. Specifically, the decay of a natural wonder, discovered by capitalists as they "Grind up the fruit and calcify the seeds," then "Watch the

fish blanche in the sun baked mud and the leaves." By contrast, "Casco Bay" is a track you hear from a busker at an unpopular beach, busy reminiscing about their time being in love on the East Coast. There aren't many places you'll hear "My friends are all named after herbs and spices / And I'm enticed to make you my medicine."

Speaking of places, why is god in Omaha? Hell if I know, but as someone who has been there, I can sure as hell tell you he ain't missing much. According to "I Found God in Omaha," it's because he's busy cooking eggs on your head, and then putting the fries in the bag at McDonald's, delivering cryptic messages like "you know just as well as I do." However, before you can get an answer as to why, it all abruptly ends with "Doesn't seem to matter what I do."

Overall, this EP is weird. It starts with a ruckus, descends into sombre reflection and heartthrob, before rising out of the scorched earth to deliver a quick gut punch that leaves you confused. But that's the whole point, isn't it? You know from the get-go that you are not here for a standard listening experience. After all, those cigarette-smoking, sneakerheaded, cheese-nibbling rats make it clear: you're not here to make sense, you're here for the experience.-ANGUS NORDLUND



Priced Out

Four More Songs
SELF-RELEASED | JANUARY 10, 2025

Four More Songs is the new hard-hitting extended play from Vancouver punk outfit, Priced Out. It follows their 2024 EP, *Four Songs*. The EP is imbued with a classic hardcore punk ethos and anti-establishment, compassion-driven throughlines. The band's name alone calls attention to the all too common Vancouver phenomenon experienced by people of all demographic and experiential backgrounds. As one of the least affordable cities in the world with an unforgiving housing market, the high cost of living pushes a large portion of the city further to the margins every year. In this competitive environment, it is hard to have compassion for one's neighbors. On *Four More Songs*, Priced Out calls attention to the real drivers of this phenomenon while encouraging coalition across differences in order to create change, a grassroots call to action Marx would be proud of.

The first track, "Violent Apes" opens with a fuzzed-out oscillation between two notes, worthy of riling up a crowd of angry renters into railing against their corporate landlords. Moments later the rest of the instruments take up a fast punk beat introduced by the guitar. In an angry voice, the lead vocalist calls attention to the current political and social division. He captures these attitudes on the first chorus "I don't know you and I don't want to / Think we're different so I don't like you". However, as the song progresses, the message changes. On the bridge, the singer tells us to "question everything". It is an honest call to see through one's own pain and "Humanize the other".

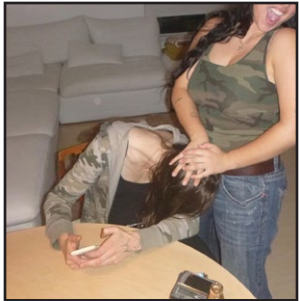
"Out On Your Own" follows this opening statement with perhaps the most powerful energy of the EP. It features a classic hardcore punk power chord progression, driven by drums and bass, crafting the energy of a protest song. The instrumental highlight of this song comes toward the end where the vocals trade off with a Descendents-esque, overdriven guitar lead that continues until the song's conclusion.

"Pass the Buck", is a quick statement just over a minute long that calls particular attention to the parasitic institutional forces that "Privatize our fates" and "Use the news to fuel our hate". This track breaks up the faster, hard-hitting tracks, spotlighting its lyrical content over a spacey instrumental that uses silence and breakdowns played in unison to drive home the message.

"Oligarch Park," the album's closing track, does a fantastic job of combining many of the elements from the first three tracks: potent, political lyrics, a blazing guitar lead, unison breakdowns, heavy bass lines, as well as drums and rhythm guitars that will get any Vancouver crowd moving at Priced Out's next gig.

Priced Out's *Four More Songs* is a journey into what life could be if we led with compassion for our peers and harnessed our anger to fight the oppressive forces that divide and dispossess

us. It is music with a distinct message, "Resist the urge to hate / Feel the pain of each other." This hardcore punk ethos has a particularly important role at a time like this when governments and corporations everywhere are trying to re-normalize and double down on institutional harms. Priced Out tells us not to let them take us for suckers and to look out for each other in this fight. -ELIAS MIRSKY



Sophia Stel

How to Win at Solitaire

SELF-RELEASED | SEPTEMBER 5, 2025

A photograph showing a person's hands playing a card game on a light-colored wooden table. A smartphone is visible on the table next to the cards. The person is wearing a grey jacket and blue jeans.

Immediately upon pressing play on Sophia Stel's new EP, *How to Win at Solitaire*, released September 5, the listener is launched by a single abrupt note, through the silence or ambient noise of their surroundings, into a cacophony of dreamy guitar and electronic beats. The opening measure of first track, "Everyone Falls Asleep in Their Own Time," provides the backdrop for the world Sophia Stel guides you through throughout the EP, letting you grow accustomed to your new surroundings before she begins to sing.

The track is shockingly intimate – a conversation between lovers, the silent calm and tension of the bedroom, or the car. It introduces the overarching themes of loneliness and dissatisfaction, and the complexity of being young and emotional and jaded in the modern internet age.

The second track, "Taste," has a heavy beat and a soft, claustrophobic atmosphere, with a layer of fuzz over her autotuned voice, like an angel trapped in a computer, left in an attic, gathering dust but living, both divine and profane. The lyrics speak clearly of endings, leaving, being left, being attached, yet finished. "Ride it till it stops / give a little / it's a lot, baby" repeats the chorus, cast over a musical backdrop which grows in intensity and depth, bringing to mind images of the simple and domestic zooming out to the cosmic – an eternal narrative – before settling back down again into the hearts and minds of Sophia and her lover. The next three songs on the album, "All Seven Seasons, I'd Rather Be Yours Than Mine," and "All My Friends Are Models," are heavy on isolation and loneliness, not only from the contentious lover, but from the world as a whole. It's the feeling of being young and alone in your bedroom, simultaneously excited about possibility and terrified of inevitable tragedy; it's a sober, overwhelmingly sincere conversation about how people treat one another, of feeling alone in crowds, of one more drink, 100 miles away from everyone else.

The album ends with "Solitaire," which presents a final acceptance and understanding. The loss of the relationship that has haunted the album is brought to a conclusion: "You might feel proud of where I've been / But then again I guess we just won't know." Despite the difficulty and the sadness, the protagonist gets to move on, find new experiences and relationships. It completes the thematic arc, breaking the pattern of disappointment by instead confronting the real, underlying isolation that has haunted the EP and choosing to work with it, move beyond it. *How To Win At Solitaire* is for the internet age, reflecting the alienation many of us feel as we leave the physical world to spend more of it online, separate from ourselves, our bodies, and each other. It is about a relationship between two people, but it's also so much more than that - *How To Win At Solitaire* tells us about how the difficult and the painful, breaking patterns of disappointment, the expanse of the real world is worth it.-IZ KOLSTAD



New Meds

Lighthouse / Black Obsidian

SELF-RELEASED | JANUARY 22, 2025

FFO: pre-storm air, the geologic time scale,
long-distance ship communications, returning,
rock(s), surf? No, I do not.

But from here, I can hear the foamy waves crashing against magma-borne glass. Tangy strums in the salty air and distant warm-weather voices. Listen listen listen! Spring reverrrrb under aubergine album art - from snails slow as a summer day.

One lament for two ships passing in the night. Who is there to bear witness? Would we live in the lighthouse, or are we too afraid of pit vipers? Is venom purple or green? A shard of glass for your thoughts? Who is this even for? Know that these are All the Wrong Questions. Lighthouses stand on the rocks they caution of, and you could never be "just another lighthouse" to me. You are the lighthouse - but too the rocks.

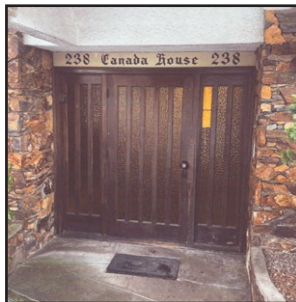
Do I sound like a painting yet? What I mean to say is that, when I cup a conch to my ear, the sound that echoes back is always in your voice.

To you, tragedy has always been quotidian. But obsidian will re-form again and again on a steady beat in geologic time. I know that your constituents must cycle forever through the sliding strata of this earth, but will you stay with me here for just a few more minutes? It is your Sisyphean destiny to be under too much pressure. Even so, your determination is unshaken – sharp edges constantly pressed to the flesh of ripe summer fruits, though you recoil at their sweetness every time.

When my brittle heart is shattered, I'll compile some more lists. One list of things to do when you're back, another of everything to make you proud, and then one for everything we abandoned in the end. You will make a nice slow-release fertilizer some day (laugh now). But even as I write these words, there is no intent of finality behind them. None between either. Nutrients cycle and sediment will metamorphize. Your obsidian darks and lighthouse lights will always be where I direct my eyes (file over app).

We think, therefore we erode into a million tiny grains. For a long while, there may be no respite among them. But you and your worlds live outside of time. So at least tonight, take me to the shore and point out each new sun in our expanding obsidian-grain sky.

I'm glad we got to spend time together at the beach! \(^w^)/
-KAIRN ZHOU



Pacific Spirit

Canada House

PACIFIC RHYTHM | SEPTEMBER 5, 2025



I am, admittedly, a terrible dancer. I have no finesse or even a particularly passable sense of balance. I trip over myself and flail across the dance floor, colliding meteorically with other dancers. Regardless, it's fun. Dancing scratches some primordial human itch, a catharsis buried in our genetic code. Despite all this, I have never particularly found myself to be a fan of house music or its various related genres – that was until Pacific Spirit's *Canada House*.

Created in collaboration with Patrick Holland, *Canada House* is a four track EP crafted by DJ D.DEE, the founder of the Pacific Rhythm label. It brims with life and colour as it shifts between four distinct moods, all of them built upon infectiously danceable beats.

The EP springs to life with "Giving," a vibrant piece of dance music bouncing with disco influence. The looping rhythms and repeating vocals were hard for me to sink into at first, but after a while I couldn't help but bounce along. The groove leaps at you and pulls you under its spell. It's colourful and shiny and fun; sequins and spotlights on a warm night out. "Inner Reach," the following track, changes up the tone. The glitter and heat of those disco loops are stripped back in favour of a distinctly digital soundscape. The buzz and chirp of the melody crashes up against the crunching drum line. It feels cool, like running through the city on a rainy night, neon scattering across the water. "Maryvale" slows things down a bit, diving into a slower, swaying beat. The synths pulsing behind the rhythm create an oceanic soundscape. There is something untraceably aquatic about the whole track. The percussion tinkles as the song slowly builds its energy back up out of its mellow depths and towards brighter shoals. Then, as if summing everything up, "Bleak Affirmation" pulses on. It starts out with a heavy, albeit brief, digital sound similar to "Inner Reach." It quickly mellows out into a soaring soundscape akin to "Maryvale" with hushed, repeating vocals as almost an inverse of those on "Giving." The three pillars of dance Pacific Spirit and Patrick Holland have built in the first three tracks prop up "Bleak Affirmation" with its beautiful, windswept sound.

It's dance. *Canada House* distills the joy and catharsis of dancing into four tracks, each song sporting its own identity. As a total stranger to the genre, *Canada House* evoked strongly in me an appeal to electronic music that I've never felt before. I don't think it has fully pulled me into the genre, and at the end of the day I can only listen to looping rhythms for so long, but I'm quite pleasantly surprised with *Canada House*. Definitely worth sinking into. -EWAN KEENAN



Yawn

wish i could've

SELF-RELEASED | JUNE 13, 2025

I absolutely love when an album's cover is not only artistically interesting, but also looks like how the music itself sounds. yawn's *wish i could've*, her first-full length album released just this summer, is such a dreamy album both in its aesthetics and musicality it makes me feel nostalgic for experiences I never had. She strikes an impressive balance, pairing catchy synths and large pads that establish a wonderful, consistent sound, while still allowing each song to sound distinct enough to justify the 47-minute runtime.

wish i could've wastes no time, starting with a slower-paced piano ballad whose chord progression feels like a constant build-up to the rest of the album. While its message about striving to be the best version of yourself was both inspiring and relatable, the real highlight - both on this track and across the album - were the drums. yawn jumps back and forth between live arrangement and electronic beats, with the best example of the latter being "coloured lights," a personal favourite, with an amazing pre-chorus straight from the 2014 pop charts. The following title track sneaks up with another impressive melody, hiding the sorrow in her vocals - "I wish I could've offered more / I wish I had a different life."

While the repeating structure of many of the album's early tracks became monotonous over time, the pacing made sure this wasn't a problem. "you & i," another catchy, 2010s-era pop song, is followed by the much grander "let it all go," a ballad with a return to live-action drums. Both these tracks do a great job of layering in additional synths, creating a satisfying progression and making up for some admittedly bare-bones vocal mixing. Following another slow track is one of the album's catchiest, "wading in the water," with a vocal melody that got stuck in my head for hours with more catchy drums and a great use of minimalist production.

The next three tracks serve as a triumphant ending before a much mellower finale. "back in my head" starts off slow, but ends with impressively large synths to pair with her pained vocals. "world is burning" is next, with one of the bounciest pop songs I've heard this year, serving as a nice change of pace. As always, the synths are great, but it's the bass that really pops and makes this track as addicting as any. Despite its name, the penultimate track "wasting time" is absolutely worth a listen as another fantastic ballad with large, atmospheric pads and the most impressive vocal performance yet. Not to mention the saxophone, a pleasant surprise that makes this song one of the album's standouts.

yawn's *wish i could've* is a very impressive debut that I'll definitely be coming back to in the future, but there's certainly room for improvement. There could be grander vocal production and emotionality, as well as some more variation in song structure, but this album being as catchy and enjoyable as it is despite these flaws makes me that much more excited for yawn's future. -LYLA NATHAN



DANI YOUR DARLING

Social Butterfly / Godspeed

SELF-RELEASED | MAY 2ND, 2025

DANI YOUR DARLING is a Vancouver-based singer-songwriter and multi-disciplinary artist. They recently released their third official single, "Social Butterfly," following 2023's "The Clock Ticks" and their debut, "Godspeed." DANI's music highlights their beautiful and powerful voice, supported by minimalist production and guitar, most of which

is played by DANI themselves. DANI has showcased their vast musical skills and intimate stage charisma in their select live performances, which highlight their talent for connecting to their audience through their distinctive lyrics and emotive display of this intimacy through their vocals and movement. DANI is also a notable artist in other formats, namely their paintings, including ones that have been exhibited at the Hatch Art Gallery, Vancouver Black Library, and Britannia Art Gallery.

On both their songs "The Clock Ticks" and "Social butterfly" DANI released a demo or band practice track along with the official studio version. These unfinished versions offer a more stripped-down insight into DANI's musical talent, their genuine songwriting, and moving voice. These versions can be a bit disjointed in moments, and some of the vocal layering is not mixed in as smoothly as the studio version. However, I found them so insightful into the care DANI has brought to these songs and reflective of the raw emotion in the lyrics, that is also exhibited in their live performances. I enjoyed the grainy tone in "The Clock Ticks" I found the presence of this added a more complex texture to the song, specifically to provide dimension on top of the vocal layering. The layering of vocals and instrumentals in this song also gave a haunting, almost eerie feeling to the track. This feeling goes along with the lyrics of the song which reference feelings of being watched and surrounded by voices, as if trying to find the answers or ways out but getting stuck instead. I found DANI's vocals in this song particularly captivating, as they manage to have such measured and clear pronunciation, yet their voice still flows in such a calm, seemingly effortless way. Many of DANI's lyrics reflect feelings of personal strength, understanding, and growth from past painful experiences. This is shown in "Social butterfly", as DANI shares this sense of being wronged in the past, specifically the insecurity one holds from going back to someone despite knowing this was the wrong choice for them and working to learn from that experience, rather than repeat it. DANI's debut single offers a much different side to these emotions, as they seem to be a call of encouragement and strength, telling the listener to accept that difficulty is a part of life but to not let these temporary moments of pain stop them from continuing their journey. As DANI continues to grow and change in their musical decisions, I'm excited to see how production will play into this work. It is clear they have vast artistic vision and there is already so much strength in their vocals and songwriting, yet the production feels a bit timid. DANI's songs are so close and full of care, so it makes sense they would not want to create disconnect to those personal moments. I believe more developed production and synthesis of the instrumental will only strengthen the ethereal vocals and poignancy of these lyrics.

It is clear DANI has a purpose and vision in their art; one of encouraging strength, growth, liberation, personal expression, and breaking down oppressive systems. These ideas are further mirrored in their online presence that is focused on local activism and social justice. However, this purpose is arguably most evident in their live performances, which display a desire and effort to foster community and belief in the power that art holds for liberation. DANI performed a beautiful and emotive set at the Vancouver Black Library this past summer. The beginning of this performance is hypnotizing in the way DANI draws such emotion in their voice through their simple wordless vocals, their vocal control is impressive and remains so as they introduce lyrics into their performance. In this set, DANI remains seated on a couch with their band around them, the setting provides intimacy, and DANI shifts and moves throughout the set, revealing the ways the emotions of this music draw their physical reaction. DANI's performances include a closeness to the audience, they seem to let the intimacy of the music create a bubble of connectedness to anyone witnessing this. This connection is just as present in an earlier performance of DANI's at 648 Kingsway. This set carried the haunting, enveloping feeling present in much of their official releases, brought to life through DANI's vocal strength, minimal instrumentation, and the wordless vocal backing that layers on to emphasize key moments of the performance. If you have the chance, do not miss out on seeing DANI YOUR DARLING live. Their performances showcase the strength in their voice, and their calming, yet captivating stage presence, that I have no doubt will remain and grow through their future releases. - SOFIA WIND



Tonk

Wildflower

GREEN AUTO | AUGUST 28, 2025

Tonk ditches the horses and hats, looking inward with a well-deserved second chance – coincidentally, in an album about second chances.

Tongue and cheek country is a broken-in pair of boots these days, but Tonk has always been a band ahead of that curve. Emerging pre-country boom, the East Van group debuted with their lost-to-lockdown release of *Songs to Glorify the Peasant and His Tractor* back in April 2020. That LP painted portraits of cowboy hat-clad fantasies, ironically calling on themes like buckaroos, horse knowledge (or lack there of), and the state of Texas. Mixing this with twangy rock sensibilities, it was a novel declaration that wedged them in a unique spot in Vancouver’s music scene. Five years later, as country’s popularity has made this ironic line blurrier, Tonk’s newest release strives to buck these well-tread motifs.

Wildflower is, adversely, a mature, reflective listen with songs about the cycle of addiction, empty promises of change and wavering relationships. Vocalist/ guitarist/writer Dan Thow acts as the narrator throughout the 9 tracks, penning a seemingly autobiographical narrative about the dark places life can take you and the patterns of behavior that accompany, though viewed through a hopeful lens.

The first song and lead single, “This Time Around” kicks things off with a boot-stomping groove, driving guitar and catchy hook. The themes are clear from the jump, with the opening metaphor of “Play me a song on a fiddle / you’ve learned it all too well” acting as an all-too-familiar reminder of conversations with people who know exactly what to say to get their way.

While the Western tropes are set aside in the lyrics, the album still hits hard as a collection of country tunes, and each song evokes a different feel. The fiddle-driven “Don’t Leave Me Lonesome” brings square dance worthy, sweeping strings, played by guest Aiden Ayers. The overthinker’s anthem, “Rumination Blues”, has hammering chord progressions and build-ups that wouldn’t be out of place on a Parquet Courts project. This tune in particular adds welcome levity and shows off range yet stays cohesive with the slower tracks. The closer “Passing Trains” is accompanied by the twangiest of acoustic guitars, and has a cinematic essence that would feel at home in a western movie.

Dan’s straight-ahead vocals throughout the album add depth to the cleverly composed lyrics. Often he delivers lines with a full 4 count between, almost sounding like an early-Wilco Jeff Tweedy. On the titular “Wildflower” we get about 3 minutes of this cadence, chronicling the terms of agreement during a breakup/make-up, capped off with a harmonica solo. “Everything is Right” keeps this pace with a slow dance tempo, reflecting on a relationship seemingly with rose-tinted glasses.

“Substance,” however, is the real standout. The six-and-a-half minute opus weaves a heartwrenching story of substance abuse and the contradictions made in the cycle of addiction. Each line is delivered like an emotional setup/punchline as the ballad leads us down a path to where the party ends, distance grows with loved ones, and we find ourselves at our lowest. Strung out synths, slide guitar and plucking piano compliment the downward spiral beautifully, and we are treated to the richest sounds on the whole album.

It is no small feat that *Wildflower* shoulders its dark themes, while also carrying such palpable optimism. And while Tonk’s music is a lot less lonely in the country music plains they debuted 5 years ago, they are certainly not lost in the crowd.–ERICH DACHWITZ



Hussain Bokhari

Possessions

MOOD HUT | AUGUST 22, 2025

Possessions is a rich, balearic, new wave debut from Bangkok-born, Vancouver-native, and long-time *Mood Hut* affiliate Hussain Bokhari. Bokhari has been quietly shredding out DIY bedroom releases on Bandcamp for years, locking into a grunge influenced, lo-fi sound. This foundation is fertile ground for Bokhari’s more plush, polished, and punchy 12-track release.

The cover features Bokhari, with chest tattoo exposed, looking unbothered as he gazes directly down the lens. It reflects the openness and vulnerability of this layered love letter to childhood, connections and a search for home. On a first listen, with clever drum machine backings, catchy vocals and boogie influenced instrumentation it leaves you feeling warm and softly smiling. With each subsequent playback, the album opens up with hypnotic vocal patterns and a depth of musical composition that starts to feel more personal as the layers peel back.

“Pull Me Up” leans confidently into the downtempo dreampop atmosphere of the record like a skateboarder casually dropping into a halfpipe. It’s fresh, groovy and comforting.

“Bangkok Boy” bubbles up next. It feels like a signature song for this record with lyrics delivered in Thai and backed by a rising keyboard riff that lifts the tempo. “Into the Fall” has softer tones with a thoughtful rhyming structure using “Hey Girl” and “Wait Now” to catch attention. The fifth track, “Weatherman”, is a throwback to some of Bokhari’s grungy bedroom demos but more fully realized. The three syllables of “Wea-ther-man” draw it out and help slow down the delivery. “There’s Your Baby” is a slow funk bubbler that has a deep wandering baseline. The lyrics have a street soul quality with lines like “You know that pretty things don’t last that long.”

Repetitive lyrics and chorus lines are a feature of the record. Dub-riffed “Dee Sharp” repeats “I didn’t know the system could make my mind break” to drive home the message. “Keeping Busy” takes a similar approach with the lines “My baby don’t talk / She just can’t help but holding on” and “I can’t seem to find my home / I’ve just been living on my own” acting as ponderous calls for connection. The squelchy bassline and juicy musical textures on “Keeping Busy” are delicious. You can’t help but lean back and nod along in approval.

There are a couple of scattered instrumental numbers “Whatever Counts”, “Skag Step”, and “Last Track”. They provide interludes, but you really miss Bokhari’s vocals which feel like the north star on this record. “Divide My Emotion” and “Rather Be Owned” close things out, floating you into a satisfied dreamy state.

You can tell Bokhari has poured his heart and soul into this record, but its buttery smooth production and relaxed, assured delivery make it feel effortless and natural. The textures and aesthetic feel on point for *Mood Hut* and from an artist who knows the label better than most. Stepping into the spotlight for the first time, Bokhari looks right at home.–MARK LYNCH

SHINDIG 2025



12 ARTISTS, 1 WINNER



PRESENTED BY:
CITR 101 FM \$
DISORDER MAGAZINE

QUALIFIERS:
NOV 11, 18, 25
FINALES:
DECEMBER 5

AT RED GATE
ARTS SOCIETY



CiTR 101.9FM Program Guide

"DISCORDER RECOMMENDS LISTENING TO CITR EVERY DAY." - DISCORDER.

	MONDAY		TUESDAY		WEDNESDAY		THURSDAY		FRIDAY		SATURDAY			SUNDAY			
6 AM	Citr Ghost Mix		Pacific Pickin'		Democracy Now!		Citr Ghost Mix		Citr Ghost Mix		Radio Art Overnight			Citr Ghost Mix		6 AM	
7 AM	Words and Culture				Harbinger Showcase		Vazhadha Vazhkai		Viewpoints Citr Ghost Mix							7 AM	
8 AM	Breakfast with the Browns		Queer FM		Suburban Jungle		In Search of Lost Venues	Citr Ghost Mix	Queer FM		The Saturday Edge			Future Ecologies		8 AM	
9 AM							Citr Ghost Mix							Citr Ghost Mix		Classical Chaos	
10 AM	Album Club		Electronic Intifada		Citr Ghost Mix		Citr Ghost Mix		Film Picnic		The Saturday Edge			Shookshookta		10 AM	
11 AM			Green Forest Grove		Chopped and Screwed		Horny Music		Discollie							11 AM	
12 PM	Lethal Refresh		Blow It Up!		The Shakespeare Show		Duncan's Donuts		Dave Radio Presents the Eclectic Lunch		Unceded Airwaves			The Rockers Show		12 PM	
1 PM	Parts Unknown		Training Time		La Bonne Heure w. Valie	Citr Ghost Mix	What's in the Hat (Every 2nd Thurs)	Hail! Discordia! (Every 3rd Thurs)	Jess's Lit		Power Chord					The Rockers Show	
2 PM			Citr Ghost Mix		Citr Ghost Mix		Slimewire		BePi Crespan Presents... and Nardwuar					Code Blue			
3 PM	Amateur Hour	Cypher			Citr Ghost Mix		I Come from the Mountain		Lyrics We Love	Le Reetual	Nardwuar the Human Serviette Presents		Radio Latina Mixxx				3 PM
4 PM	Citr Ghost Mix		In Flux		The Reel Whirled		Borders & Blast Beats		Sonic Spill							Friday Night Fever	
5 PM	Unceded Airwaves						Noise Complaint		Art Beat		Citr Ghost Mix		Pacific Noise Weird		Mantra (Bi-weekly)		
6 PM	Spit in Your Ear	Gobstop Perrr	I Luv U Hour	Euro Neuro	KafoU Muzik	Sams-quancTh's Hideaway		The CitArchives Show	Mixotroph	Friday Night Fever		Late Night Take-out	Meow Meow Kitty Girl Kitty Girl Purrr		Saddle & Sound		6 PM
7 PM	Exploding Head Movies		Citr Ghost Mix	Africa's Lit	Visual Media	Azzucar Morena		Citr Ghost Mix	Citr Ghost Mix			Citr Ghost Mix	BAMU-LADES				Citr Ghost Mix
8 PM			Crimes & Treasons		Citr Radio Allsorts		Analog Gematria		Crowd Flip (1st Thurs)	The Mix Soup (2nd Thurs)	Pandora's Box (3rd Thurs)	Attic Jams (4th Thurs)	Citr Ghost Mix		Techno Progressivo		8 PM
9 PM	J Chillin								Live from Thunderbird Radio Hell		Soca Storm						Synaptic Sandwich
10 PM			The Jazz Show		Off the Beat and Path		AFTN Soccer Show						Copy/Paste		Citr Ghost Mix		
11 PM	Citr Ghost Mix		Citr Ghost Mix		Citr Ghost Mix				Citr Ghost Mix		Radio Art Overnight						The Absolute Value of Insomnia
12 AM							Citr Ghost Mix						Citr Ghost Mix		Citr Ghost Mix		
1 AM	Citr Ghost Mix		Citr Ghost Mix		Citr Ghost Mix				Citr Ghost Mix		Radio Art Overnight						The Absolute Value of Insomnia
2 AM							Citr Ghost Mix						Citr Ghost Mix		Citr Ghost Mix		
Late Night	Citr Ghost Mix		Citr Ghost Mix		Citr Ghost Mix				Citr Ghost Mix		Radio Art Overnight						The Absolute Value of Insomnia

STUDENT PROGRAMMING
CiTR COLLECTIVE PROGRAMMING
SYNDICATED PROGRAMMING

DO YOU WANT TO PITCH
YOUR OWN SHOW TO CiTR?

EMAIL THE PROGRAMMING MANAGER AT
PROGRAMMING@CiTR.CA TO LEARN HOW

Monday

WORDS AND CULTURE

7AM-8AM, TALK / LANGUAGE

Words and Culture weaves conversations with Indigenous language and knowledge keepers together with music by Indigenous artists. The team creating this original content is made up exclusively of Indigenous producers, hosts and guests. Words and Culture is funded by SiriusXM Canada through the Community Radio Fund of Canada.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS

8AM-11AM, ELECTRONIC / EXPERIMENTAL

Every Monday morning since 1988 Breakfast with the Browns has been the place offering chance to stay in a mood... playing all the best ambient, downtempo, electronic, ASMR, pop-lounge-core music...strictly squaresville.

• BREAKFASTWITHTHEBROWNS@HOTMAIL.COM

ALBUM CLUB

11AM-12PM, ALBUMS / CLUBS

TBH

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

LETHAL REFRESH

12PM-1PM, CLUB / DANCE

On lethal refresh, we scour the net for the hottest new tracks and send them straight to you. Log on for lethal refresh Mondays 3-4 for tracks that are lethal as freak, refreshed each week.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

PARTS UNKNOWN

1PM-3PM, ROCK/POP/EXPERIMENTAL

Treading water for over 25 years!!!

• CHRISARIFF@GMAIL.COM

AMATEUR HOUR

ALTERNATING MON 3PM-4PM, ROCK/ART/DISCUSSION

Interviews with local, amateur, and student musicians about the music they make and the music they love!

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

CYPHER

ALTERNATING MON 3PM-4PM, HIP-HOP/RAP/SOUL

Cypher explores Hip-Hop and the beauty of the Genre specifically in the 90's. Hip-hop is founded on the four elements of DJing, MCing, Breaking, and Graffitiing, which come together to form an entire culture and community.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

UNCEDD AIRWAVES

5PM-6PM, INDIGENOUS STORIES

Hosted by the Indigenous Collective, Unceded Airwaves unveils the hidden pages of Indigenous history and contemporary existence.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

SPLIT IN YOUR EAR

ALTERNATING MONDAYS 6PM, ROCK / POP / INDIE

Presented by the Music Collective of CITR.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

GOBSTOPPERRR

ALTERNATING MONDAYS 6PM, NO TALK / ONLY ROCK

So good you stop talking.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

EXPLODING HEAD MOVIES

7PM-8PM, FILM/CULTURE/ECCLECTIC

This one-man variety show profiles music from film, TV & other visual media + songs for a future soundtrack. Spotlights cover composers, genres & ambience; all embracing discovery & freegal whimsy.

• RADIOFREEGAK@GMAIL.COM

THE JAZZ SHOW

9PM-12AM, JAZZ/RAP

A show about Jazz music with emphasis on authentic Jazz music from various eras, and not any common hybrid styles that leave out essential qualities that define authentic Jazz.

• GAVJAZZ2@YAHOO.COM

Tuesday

PACIFIC PICKIN'

6AM-8AM, BLUEGRASS / COUNTRY / OLD-TIME

The best in Bluegrass, Old-Time, Classic Country, Cajun, Rockabilly, Western Swing and whatever jumps off the shelves at us.

• PACIFICPICKIN@YAHOO.COM

QUEER FM

8AM-10AM, TALK/POLITICS

Canada's longest-running 2SLGBTQIA+ radio show, QueerFM Van blends culture, news, music and interviews. Check out Co-Hosts DJ Denise Fraser and Barb Snelgrove every Tuesday/ Friday morning at 8am-10 am (PST) live streaming and podcast at <http://bit.ly/QueerFM> or listen locally at 101.9FM!

• QUEERFM@RELOADED@GMAIL.COM

ELECTRONIC INTIFADA

10AM-11AM, NEWS

The Electronic Intifada is an independent online news publication and educational resource focusing on Palestine, its people, politics, culture and place in the world.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

GREEN FOREST GROVE

11AM-12PM, BLUEGRASS / EXPERIMENTAL / ART

Down from the smoky hills of Blue Mountain, along Grey Mountain Road, lies Green Forest Grove, the hidden abode of music production.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

BLOW IT UP!

12PM-1PM, TALK/GIVEAWAY

Ticket giveaway hour for the hottest shows happening in Vancouver

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

TRAINING TIME

1PM-2PM, CLASSICAL / JAZZ / ECCLECTIC

1 hour of radio devoted to teaching new programmers about the thrills of being on-air. Tune in to listen to CITR's newest talent!

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

IN FLUX

ALTERNATING TUE 5PM, MUSIC/MOVEMENT

constant state of transition

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

LUV U HOUR

ALTERNATING TUE 6PM, CRUSH / LOVE

<3<3<3

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

EURO NEURO

ALTERNATING TUES 6PM, DISCUSSION / POLITICS / EUROVISION

Euro Neuro is a Eurovision Song Contest show with a recap of the Contest focusing on how the political and social events have been influencing the contest and song entries.

• EURONEURO.CITR@GMAIL.COM

MOZZY'S MORSELS

ALTERNATING TUES 7PM-8PM, TALK/MUSIC/ELECTRONIC/ROCK

Your one stop shop for tasty tracks and waxing lyrical. Mozz's Morsels is a sickeningly self referential collection of Molly Ann Nicholls' dearest treasures and memories, and some inconsequential ones too.

• MOLLYANNICHOLLS2@GMAIL.COM

AFRICA'S LIT

ALTERNATING TUES 7PM-8PM, TALK/ WORLD

A journey across the globe to faraway countries and distant times. More than just books, it's an hour of music, interviews and analyses brought together to highlight the best of African Literature.

• AFRICA'S.LIT@GMAIL.COM

CRIMES & TREASONS

8PM-10PM, RAP / CULTURE / SOCIAL JUSTICE

Crimes & Treasons is 2 hours of new uncensored music. Every Tuesday Night at 8pm-10pm PST with hosts Jamal \$teeles and Malik.

• DJ@CRIMESANDTREASONS.COM/
CRIMESANDTREASONS.COM

OFF THE BEAT AND PATH

10PM-11PM, TALK / MUSIC

Host Issa Arrian, introduces you to his various interest through his unique lens. From news, pop culture, to sports. Issa will surely have an interesting take, that is undeniable.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

Wednesday

DEMOCRACY NOW

6AM-7AM, NEWS/SPOKEN WORD

Democracy Now! produces a daily, global, independent news hour hosted by award-winning journalists Amy Goodman and Juan González. Our reporting includes breaking daily news headlines and in-depth interviews with people on the front lines of the world's most pressing issues. On Democracy Now!, you'll hear a diversity of voices speaking for themselves, providing a unique and sometimes provocative perspective on global events.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

HARBINGER SHOWCASE

7AM-8AM, CURRENT AFFAIRS/SOCIAL JUSTICE / CULTURE

Weekly highlights from Canada's #1 coast-to-coast community of politically and socially progressive podcasts including *Alberta Advantage*, *The Breach Show*, *Tech Won't Save Us*, *Press Progress Sources* & 55 more.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

SUBURBAN JUNGLE

8AM-10AM, ECCLECTIC / POP

The Suburban Jungle is a music show focusing on funk, soul, dub, downtempo, electronica and other musical genres.

• DJ@JACKVELVET.NET

CHOPPED AND SCREWED

11AM-12PM, MUSIC

Chopped & Screwed is the show for all things sampling. Each week we cover a new artist and talk about their discography and best samples with the goal to highlight the music that has influenced what's on the radio today.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

THE SHAKESPEARE SHOW

12PM-1PM, ECCLECTIC / EVERYTHING

Ecclectic, all different genres and eras

• DVHP@SHAW.CA

LA BONNE HEURE

ALTERNATING WED 1PM-2PM, ROCK/POP/ WORLD

Valie interviews your favourite musicians! It's always a good time on La Bonne Heure - chatting about inspirations and concerts.

Guests include: The Wombats, Men I Trust, Peach Pit & more!

• VALIEMADE@JKA@GMAIL.COM

I COME FROM THE MOUNTAIN

WED 3PM-4PM, SPELLS / WATER / TOIL

the show that doesn't happen on a physical mountain, but it does happen in the mountains of your mind.

• ARTCOORDINATOR@CITR.CA

THE REEL WHIRLED

ED 4PM-5PM, FILM

"The official show of the UBC Film Society. 'The Reel Whirled' is a show made by and for film buffs! Hosted by Lily Grove, this show will provide you with your weekly dose of cinematic goodness.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

ART BEAT

ALTERNATING WED 5PM-6:30PM, ART / CULTURE / DISCUSSION

The Arts Report, run by CITR's Arts Collective, focuses on arts and culture in so-called 'Vancouver' (and beyond!). Blending reviews, interviews, songs and playful banter, the Arts Report connects listeners to the arts community that CITR is part of.

• ARTS@CITR.CA

KAFU MUZIK

ALTERNATING WED 6PM-7PM, FRANCO-PHONE / MUSIC

Discover the music of the Francophone World - from Canada to Vietnam. At Kafou Muzik languages, rhythms, and genres of five continents intersect. Produced in collaboration with UBC's Centre de la Francophonie.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

VISUAL MEDIA

ALTERNATING WEDS 7PM-8PM, VISUAL/MEDIA

TBA

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

CITR RADIO ALLSORTS

ALTERNATING WEDS 8PM-9PM, ECCLECTIC

TBA

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

ANALOG GEMATRIA

ALTERNATING WEDS 8PM-9PM, ECCLECTIC

gematria is the practice of assigning numerical values to words- probably developed by ancient greeks. much as a playlist consists of each of its parts (a song), each letter of these words have meaning unto themselves in gematrial calculations.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

SAMSQUANTCH'S HIDEAWAY

ALTERNATING WED 6:30PM-8PM, ROCK/POP/INDIE

If you're into 90's nostalgia, Anita B's the DJ you for. Don't miss her spins, every Wednesday.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

J CHILLIN

9PM-11PM, TALK/PUNK/RAP/ART

#freeJchillin' ur fav cult classic r*dio show!// nothing happens on this show we just chill literally just shoot the sh/t and listen to music we also we have also guests n live performances . ONE LOVE . we play everything!!!

• NICKMONIZ@LIVE.CA

AFTN SOCCER SHOW

11PM-1PM, SPORTS / CULTURE / DISCUSSION

A weekly soccer discussion show centered around Vancouver Whitecaps and the game in BC. Established in 2013, it is the longest running English-speaking soccer podcast in Canada.

• AFTN@CANADASHOTMAIL.COM

Thursday

IN SEARCH OF LOST VENUES

ALTERNATING THURS 8AM-9AM, WEIRD CULTURE/LOCAL MUSIC HISTORY

Memories of Vancouver live music venues which no longer exist from the local musicians who played there. Each episode is a walk through a neighbourhood.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

VAZHADHA VAZHKA!

7AM-8AM, TALK/ WORLD/DISCUSSION

The primary focus of the show is to discuss different aspects of Tamil culture and how certain changes can help maintain it. Ultimately, these changes can help prevent cultural loss.

• VAZHADHAVAZHKA@GMAIL.COM

HORNY MUSIC

11AM-12PM, MUSIC/HORNS/ECCLECTIC

Spreading the love for songs with horns in (brass and sax) each week. Get ready for some aural pleasure.

• HORNYMUSICSHOW@GMAIL.COM

DUNCAN'S DONUTS

12PM-1PM, ROCK/POP/EXPERIMENTAL

Sweet treats from the pop underground, since 2006. Hosted by Duncan, fuelled by donuts. "You don't have to be a pro to be on the radio"

• DUNCANS@DONUTS@GMAIL.COM

WHAT'S IN THE HAT

MONTHLY THURS 1PM-2PM, CULTURE/COMEDY/DISCUSSION

Catch What's in the Hat?, where people with disabilities

lead lively games and deep conversations. Each episode offers refreshing takes to some of life's biggest questions. Tune in for genuine moments and unexpected surprises!

• HANNAH.NOLAN@POSABILITIES.CA

HAII! DISCORDIA!

MONTHLY 1PM-2PM, ART / CULTURE / DISORDER

HaII! Discordia! is an audio translation of Disorder Magazine. Every third Thursday Izzy and Zoie spend an hour covering themes/submissions from the recent Disorder publication.

• ISABELLE.WHITTALL3@GMAIL.COM

SLIMEWIRE

2PM-3PM,WEIRD/ECCLECTIC/LGBTQIA+&GLOBAL SLIME SYNDICATE MASQUERADING AS RADIO PROGRAMMING.

TRAVEL WITH US TO THE VERY FRONTIER OF AURAL CONSCIOUSNESS. PLAYING EVERY PIECE OF MUSIC EVER WRITTEN.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

LE REETUAL

3PM-4PM, MUSIC

Do you live and breathe music? On Le Reetual you can dive deep into different musical universes through new categories every episode. Tune in every other Wednesday at 1:00pm for an hour of the best DJ hosts in the world!

• FILMPICNIC@GMAIL.COM

LYRICS WE LOVE

LAST THU OF THE MONTH 4PM-5PM, LYRICS/WORDS/MUSIC

A show all about lyrics and why we love them! We play tunes and talk about little snippets of lyrics that stand out in each song and why. Each episode will cover a different topic, theme, or guest.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

SONIC SPILL

ALTERNATING THU 4PM-5PM, LEAKS / FLOODS / SOUNDS

Someone better have brought a mop.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

BORDERS & BLASTBEATS

ALTERNATING THU 4PM-5PM, BORDERS/BLASTBEATS

probably loves metal and hates ICE.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

MIXOTROPH

ALTERNATING THURS 6PM-7PM, CULTURE/ELECTIC

Allow us to fertilize your mind with an eclectic mix of world sounds and genres, music history and useless trivia. We have something for everyone.

• NGILL@OUNIG@GMAIL.COM

CITARCHIVES SHOW

ALTERNATING THURS 6PM-7PM, CULTURE/ARTS

Hosted by Sophie Diebold, the CiTArchives show explores the depths of CiTR and Disorder's archives and the treasure found within

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

AZZUCAR MORENA

ALTERNATING THU 7PM-8PM, MUSIC / TALK

Latin culture, migrant experiences, artist support and music.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

CROWD FLIP

MONTHLY THUR 8PM-9PM,INDIE / ROCK / QUEER

Crowd Flip is both a talk and music show that began by exploring musicology theory through a critical lens of gender theory and history.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

THE MIXSOUP

MONTHLY THUR 8PM-9PM, ELECTRONIC/ EXPERIMENTAL/REGIONAL

Dune presents a monthly music show inspired by his travels - The Mixsoup, a healthy broth for your ear bones. The Mixsoup is a journey through space, genre and time, featuring artists from independent music scenes from around the globe.

• DAVID@DUNE@DUNE.BE

PANDORA'S BOX

MONTHLY THUR 8PM-9PM, MEDIA/ CULTURE/MYTHOLOGY

Come with us as we dive into mythologies & folktales from around the world, and unbox their unexpected connections with contemporary art, music, media and cultural phenomena!

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

ATTIC JAMS

MONTHLY THUR 8PM-9PM,EVERYTHING

Attic Jams unearths an eclectic treasure trove of sounds-vintage gems, hidden grooves, and unexpected beats. A genre-blurring journey through music's attic.

• SARA_C@SHAW.CA

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL

9PM-11PM, ROCK/POP/PUNK

Thunderbird Radio Hell features live band(s) every week performing in the comfort of the CITR lounge. Most are from Vancouver, but sometimes bands from across the country and around the world are nice enough to drop by to say hi.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

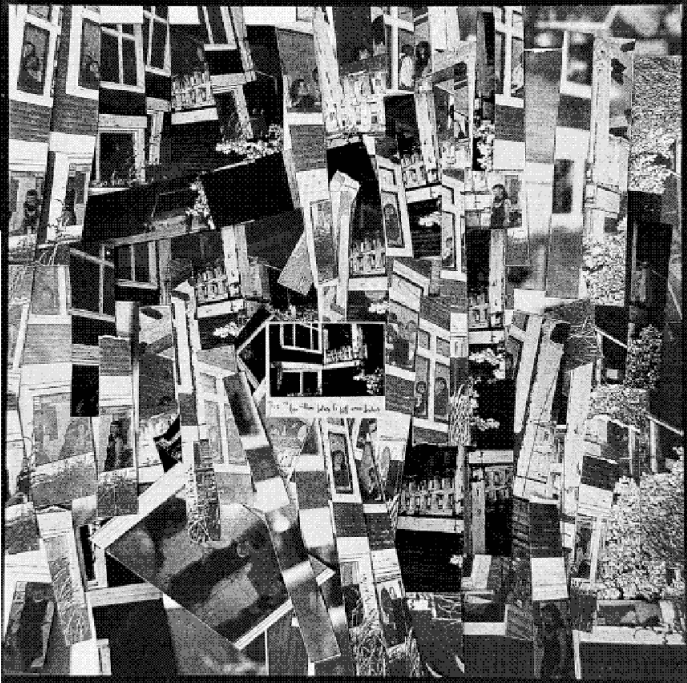
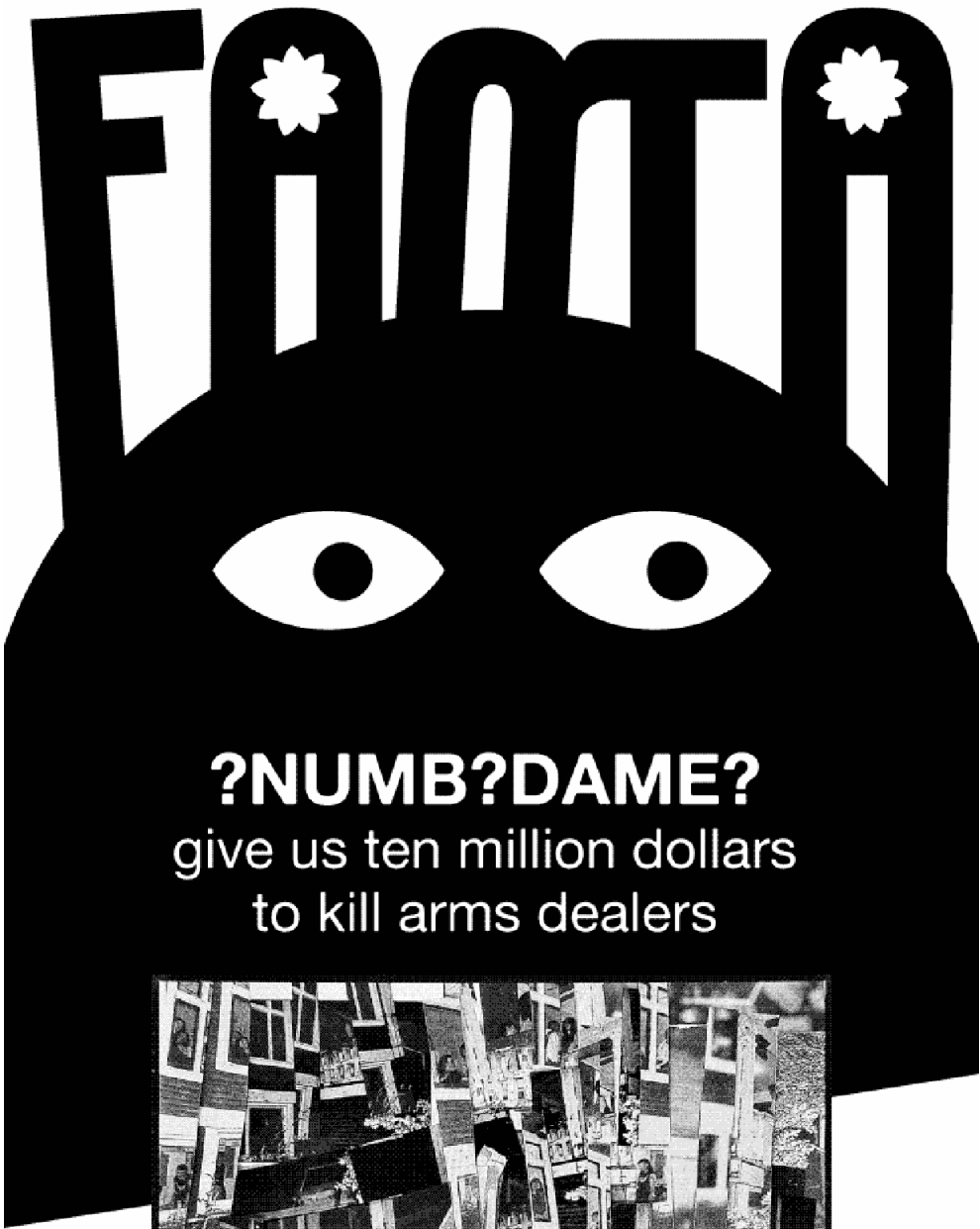
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12PM-12AM, ELECTRONIC / EXPERIMENTAL

CiTR 101.9 FM CHARTS
september 2025

	ARTIST	ALBUM	LABEL
1	tonk*+	Wildflower	GREEN AUTO
2	Yawn*+	wish i could've	SELF-RELEASED
3	No Joy*	Bugland	HAND DRAWN DRACULA
4	Dominique Adams*	To Keep	BIRTHDAY CAKE
5	TOPS*	Bury the Key	GHOSTLY
6	Whispering City*	Whispering City	SELF-RELEASED
7	Bill Leeb*+	Machine Vision	METROPOLIS
8	SSIK*+	Inferior Health	NEON TASTE
9	Laura Groves	Yes	BELLA UNION
10	Doozy*+	Zombie Ant Fungus	SELF-RELEASED
11	bananahaus*+	grounders	MONO TAPES
12	Hussain Bokhari*+	Possessions	MOOD HUT
13	Ida Diana Maidstone*	Angel Food	SELF-RELEASED
14	747*	Pacific Spirit	AQUAREGIA
15	CORBEN*+	Transmitter	HOTHAM SOUND
16	Sound Effects*+	No Songs Yet	SELF-RELEASED
17	Absolute Treat*	Shattered Love	VICTORY POOL
18	Garden of Magic*	Sensations	SELF-RELEASED
19	Ada Lea*	when i paint my masterpiece	NEXT DOOR
20	Citizenry*	Citizenry	SAFE SOUNDS
21	Joane Héту*	Elle a son mot à dire	DAME
22	Naoki Zushi	Paradise	WORLD OF ECHO
23	niloo*	Sour Cherry	SELF-RELEASED
24	TDJ*	TDJ	COLLECTION DISQUES DURS
25	Georgia Harmer*	Eye of the Storm	ARTS & CRAFTS
26	Garden Dog*	Antidepresso Espresso	SELF-RELEASED
27	A Singular Berry*	STROGEN HORSE	SELF-RELEASED
28	Dragnet	Dragnet Reigns!	SPOILSPORT
29	Beau Wheeler*+	Trans	PONCHO
30	Tectonic Sound	Tectonic Recordings	TECTONIC RECORDINGS
31	loscil*+	Lake Fire	KRANKY
32	njk	Algorithmic Accompaniment	STROOM.TV
33	Myagi*	The World Of Tomorrow	POP AND LOCK
34	Birth Order	Albatross	THE GHOST IS CLEAR
35	Catu Diosis	Anyim	HAKUNA KULALA
36	rRoxymore	Juggling Dualities	!K7
37	Tsimka & Michael Red*	Debut	SELF-RELEASED
38	Adrian Sherwood	The Collapse Of Everything	ON-U SOUND
39	Cass McCombs	Interior Live Oak	DOMINO
40	Perséide*	Passages secrets	SELF-RELEASED
41	Alex Rake and the Leaves*	6 or 7 Songs	SELF-RELEASED
42	Roundelays*+	Regional Romantic	SELF-RELEASED
43	Florist	Jellywish	DOUBLE DOUBLE WHAMMY
44	Horsegirl	Phonetics On and On	MATADOR
45	Djrum	Under Tangled Silence	HOUNDSTOOTH
46	Disembodiment*	Spiral Crypts	EVERLASTING SPEW
47	Drainolith*	Macbeth	SELF-RELEASED
48	QUITAPENAS	¡Retumba!	NEPLANTLA
49	Negative Charge*	Negative Charge	NEON TASTE
50	Blue Pony*+	For A Few Demos More	SELF-RELEASED
remember that anger is a gift			

CiTR's charts reflect what's been played most on air over the last month. Artists with asterisks (*) are Canadian and those marked plus (+) are local. To submit music for air-play on CiTR 101.9FM, please send a physical copy addressed to Aisia Witteveen Music Director at CiTR 101.9FM, LL500 6133 University Blvd., Vancouver BC, V6T1Z1. Though we prioritize physical copies, feel free to email download codes to hello@citr.ca. You can follow up with the Music Director 1-2 weeks after submitting.



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UPCOMING SHOWS IN VANCOUVER!

October 11
POOL KIDS
Fox Cabaret

October 14
DURRY
Fox Cabaret

October 14
OLIVER HAZARD & THE LAST REVEL
Wise Hall

October 15
TY SEGALL
Rickshaw Theatre

October 17
STEREOLAB
Vogue Theatre

October 17
HAZLETT
Commodore Ballroom

October 18
MATT MALTESE
Vogue Theatre

October 24
MIKI BERENYI TRIO
Wise Hall

October 27
G FLIP
Commodore Ballroom

October 31
 **CHROMEO DJ SET**
Halloween @ The Pearl

Novemeber 1
HAYDEN PEDIGO
Wise Hall

Novemeber 1 & 2
LEISURE
Commodore Ballroom

Novemeber 4
MARGO PRICE
Hollywood Theatre

Novemeber 5
MAC AYRES
Hollywood Theatre

Margo Price

Novemeber 8
MIKAYLA GEIER
Fox Cabaret

Novemeber 8
CLAIRE ROUSAY
Wise Hall

November 12
BAR ITALIA
Hollywood Theatre

Novemeber 21
CORBIN
Hollywood Theatre

Novemeber 21
NICK MULVEY
Commodore Ballroom

Novemeber 27
MARK WILLIAM LEWIS
Fox Cabaret

 **timbre**
est 1981

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timbreconcerts.com

